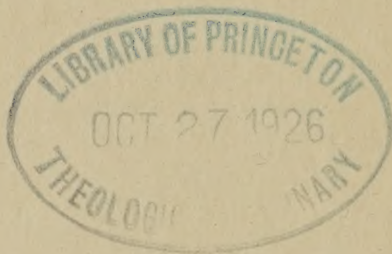

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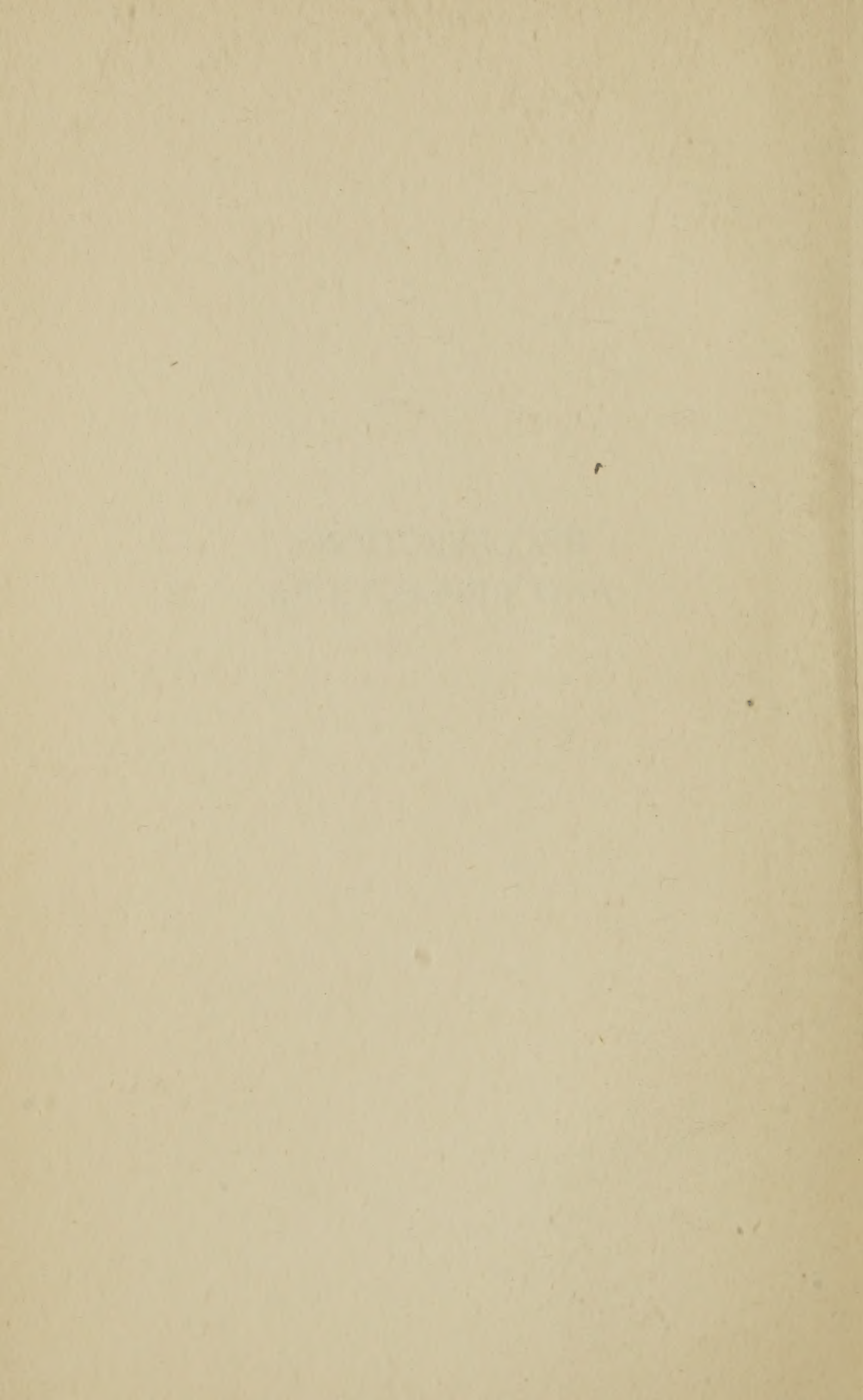
RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS



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RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

BY
NEWMAN SMYTH

WITH COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES
BY

BENJAMIN W. BACON, D.D., LL.D.
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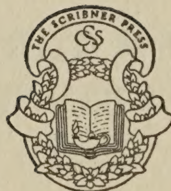

FOREWORD

Newman Smyth, son of William Smyth, Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin University, was born in Brunswick, Maine, June 25, 1843.

He died at his home in New Haven, Connecticut, January 6, 1925.

The writing of these Recollections and Reflections occupied the closing months of his life. He completed the final chapter on Saturday, January 3, 1925. That night his last illness began, and he died early Tuesday morning.

The commemorative addresses were delivered at memorial services held in Center Church, New Haven, Connecticut, May 5, 1925.

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RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD AND EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS

ONE often wishes he knew how far back into childhood run the first recollections he has of himself. Most of us have some early impressions of ourselves. Beyond that, memory becomes a blank. A little child's self-consciousness is ever changing, evanescent as the lights and shadows of the passing clouds at the dawn of day. It may scientifically be that we begin to come to ourselves even before we are born. Far-off influences from generations past have entered into the making of the new-born infant. The physicist, indeed, in his search for the beginnings of matter, has the advantage of us in our psychological inquiries into the beginnings of ourselves. With his subtle measurements he may pursue matter far back toward its last hiding-places in electrons and the ethereal something pervading space, but a man has to take himself very much for granted as he knows himself now.

There is one early but undated recollection that I have of myself, which every now and then I find framing itself out of my subconsciousness. It is the picture of a little boy lying

in the grass beneath an apple-tree in his father's garden, and, while waiting to see some ripe apples fall from the tree, looking up into the blue sky and the passing white clouds and wondering what there would be if there were nothing. I must at least have been old enough at that time to be allowed to eat apples, as that single apple-tree stands out in my memory after all these years. There are three experiences of wonder in a lifetime. One is the first wonder of the little child, flitting about from one thing to another; then the thoughtful wonder of the mature man, seeking in all things to know; and, finally, there may follow the restful wonder of old age, rich with all the memories of the past, looking forward to the things beyond all knowledge that are about to be revealed. It is this last serene wonder of the spirit that is in man which may be meant in the reputed saying of Jesus found in an old Egyptian papyrus: "Jesus saith, Let not him that seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest."

Often in my earlier years there would come to me the wish, and at times an indescribable desire, to be for a few minutes at least somebody else, so that I might know how things seemed to him, whether he saw things as I saw them, whether he was just like myself in his

thoughts and feelings, or what he seemed to himself to be. This may have arisen from supersensitiveness in a child, and though it may seem to belong rather to a later period of reflection, it exists in my memory as one of the first impressions, one of the "obstinate questionings" of my coming to knowledge of myself. In such early feelings and self-consciousness I find the germs of the interest in philosophy, theology, and science which have become the dominant studies of my life. I often think that two elements must have been combined in my heredity—that I was a born mystic and a born sceptic—and that my intellectual life has been for me, more or less consciously, the assertion and reconciliation of both.

This vague sense of unreality, these fleeting shadows at times over my consciousness of existence, led me, perhaps when I was too young, to read metaphysical books and, later on, to follow with keen interest philosophical speculations and scientific researches which seemed to bring me nearer toward the elements and ultimate limits of our knowledge both of nature and of mind. But those "shadowy recollections," as Wordsworth depicts them in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," had little consciously to do with the growing boy in my happy daily life of play and schooling. Yet to this day, as I read again and again Wordsworth's ode, it seems to me more than

anything else to reveal to me the meanings of my own innermost consciousness of being and of life through all these lengthening years.

One of my earliest distinct recollections of my education is the proud day when I was permitted to enter the primary public school. I was one of the youngest who passed, later, the examination for entrance into the grammar-school, and that day still stands out afar off as an epoch in my life. I might have been ready for college at the age of fifteen, but I was a nervous child and my parents held me back for a year. I remember that I was timid and especially afraid of being left alone in the dark. I have since wished, on some of my hunting-trips, that I could actually run across and have a shot at some of the bears which I thought or dreamed I saw in early childhood. My early nervous feeling of the darkness lingered for some years. I can recollect how, sometimes, I would quicken my steps or even break for a moment into a run, when I had been sent on some errand to the store and darkness overtook me before I landed safely at home. Indeed, what seemed to be a certain subconscious dread of the darkness lingered with me until by one desperate remedy I cured myself of it when I was at Phillips Academy. I roomed on the third story of one of those commons which now happily have become extinct. No possible harm could have met one on the stairways,

unless he should turn and fall down them; but there was no light in them and several times I caught myself running up them as though I was pursued by some unknown peril. I made up my mind one night, when I found myself half breathless after one such sudden ascent, that I would stop that kind of foolishness once for all. So down the stairs I went, opened the door of the cellar, which I knew was a favorite stalking-place for rats, and stumbled round until I found a log of wood to sit on. Putting my finger on my pulse, I resolved, survive or perish, to sit there until it ceased beating quickly and I could count it as normal. Having made this heroic resolution, I soon found that my pulse was ashamed to beat too quickly, and I rose up and mounted the stairs as slowly as I could and went to my room. I never afterward had any nervousness going up those stairs.

I wonder whether this nervous trepidation when alone in the darkness, which lingered longer perhaps with me than with most children, is not a physical reminiscence of some far-off prehistoric state, when man was emerging from a primitive animal existence. To such instinctive apprehension there is added the human sense of dependence, the sense of loneliness and utter nothingness in the midst of the infinite unknown. I have sometimes felt this human sense of utter loneliness and human in-

significance when, in the depths of the Maine woods, I was returning late of an evening from the pools of a voiceful stream over which I had been casting my flies and, as I entered the woods into the silence of the forests, the darkness gathered around me—a mere atom of being in the vastness of the unknown universe—I unconsciously quickened my pace along the trail, and was glad when I reached the bright campfire and heard the cheerful voices of men.

More often, especially in these later years, there has come to me under similar circumstances a restful sense of communion with nature, of man's oneness with all the outward world, of one and the same spirit in and through all.

Once in my army life the same sense of loneliness came for a moment over me. I was going alone, along a road which led from the fort where my regiment was stationed, out some little distance to relieve an officer on our picket-line. It was moonlight and there was not the slightest occasion for fear along that road. Not a shot could be heard from the line in front; but suddenly, as though from something springing out of my subconsciousness, I found I had paused in my steps. It was but for an instant; yet for the moment an irrepressible feeling stole over me—what if then and there I, a mere atom in the world, unobserved, unheeded, unknown, should suddenly perish?

Then, disappearing as it came, it caused hardly an instant's pause in my footsteps; but somehow that walk out alone to the picket-line with that momentary feeling of human solitude has remained in my memory as an actual danger under fire. Such occasional experiences amid the silences and solitudes of nature do not arise, I think, from fear of anything that is known; they spring rather from our deeper, half-conscious sense of our absolute dependence on the infinite unknown.

In the year 1843 the end of the world had been predicted by a prophet named Miller, who went about among the people proclaiming that the Day of Judgment was at hand. Hundreds and thousands of people were alarmed by his interpretation of the biblical prophecies and by his warnings to escape from the wrath to come. It was also a time of general intellectual and religious agitation. Emerson characterized it in an article which he wrote in July of that year on a convention of the Friends of Universal Reform: "If the assembly was disorderly it was picturesque, madmen, madwomen, men with beards, drinkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, groaners, agrarians, Seventh-Day Baptists, Quakers, abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and philosophers—all came successively to the top."

The Millerites, as they were called, fixed upon April 3 as the day when the end of the world would come. To add to the panic, suddenly there appeared the great comet of 1843, which, with fear and tremblings, was hailed by thousands as a sign of the coming fulfilment of prophecies of the end of the world. Those Millerist alarmists based their predictions on the same method of interpreting the biblical prophecies as the fundamentalists of our day ever reason from the letter of the Scriptures. They might more properly be called the superficialists. I have an indistinct recollection of my boyhood, when a still later date for the end of the world had been fixed upon by the few surviving Millerites, and some of them were said to have met early before dawn on a hillside, not far from my home, to see the Lord come. It is an interesting note of comparison between then and now that among the literalists of our days there is a general tendency to fall into second-advent theories of the last day and the final judgment.

My recollections of my boyhood carry me back to the beginnings of the antislavery agitation and the formation of the Free Soil party. My father was one of the early antislavery agitators. I find in an early letter of his to another of those pioneers in that movement the following extract, which is worthy of reproducing, as it serves to indicate the position and

spirit at that time of those antislavery men who could not follow Garrison in his extreme denunciatory agitation. He wrote: "I see by the papers that you have had the honor of being mustered into the good cause, a circumstance which I suppose will abate nothing from your zeal, nor lead to feeling in a less degree the importance of being up and doing, working while the day lasts. I am obliged to confess so many unwise and unchristian things in brother Garrison's style of advocating the cause that if I denounce —— —— for his unchristian way of opposing us, I must do the same thing with Garrison for his unchristian way of advocating the cause. The charity which enables me to bide the faults of the latter helps me at least to submit patiently to the wrong-headed opposition of the former. I begin almost to despair of a possible termination of slavery in this country, the system has become so inwrought into the very vitals of the nation, and has taken such deep hold, especially of the church, that it seems to me that we are now almost given over to destruction. Still, however, it is our duty to do what we can to avert the evil."

Among my recollections of my first school-days is that of a private school of a few of us children in the home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. She had a relative as a governess for her own children, and she took in a few others from the families of the college professors. I

have never forgotten a remark she made to me one morning when she came into the room, and, looking over my copy-book in which I was trying to write, exclaimed: "Why, Newman, your h's are all drunk!" It was to us children that she read, one day, a portion of what some time after was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was something about little Eva.

Not infrequently Mrs. Stowe and her husband, together with Professor Upham, in his religious temperament a quietist, used to meet in my father's house. As a boy I listened as they discussed the antislavery issue, and once I heard them say that they believed the issue could not be settled without the shedding of blood. Not that they desired war, or would have carried willingly their agitation to such extremity, but they did seem to think that in the providential dealing of God with the people, so great a wrong as slavery could not be settled without the shedding of blood. Professor Upham seemed to be especially the prophet in that little group at my father's fireside, while, as I recall them after these many years, Mrs. Stowe used to sit silently with her face supported by her hand, as one dreaming of the future. Sooner than they had thought their words became true. Mrs. Stowe, then hardly known beyond the college circles, became one of the great influences in the overcoming of slavery. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

was first published as a serial in a weekly paper, *The National Era*, a small antislavery paper printed in Washington. I recall vividly how my father would bring the successive chapters home from the post-office, and it would be read to the family, and how we children were moved by the story. Uncle Tom and Eva were the first saint and heroine chronicled in my boyhood's calendar.

Brought up in such an atmosphere it is not surprising that with one or two other boys I undertook the issuing of a small boys' written paper, which we proudly called *The Northern Light* and which we circulated in the neighborhood, particularly among the few who were not so fully possessed of antislavery zeal as we were. I soon conceived the more ambitious idea of printing our paper. Having no means of buying type, I used to go down to the village printer's office and search among the cast-off type for the best ones that had fallen among them. With an occasional gift from the printer of a few not quite so worn, I procured enough to warrant my first attempt at printing. But then came the question of a press. I had often watched the printer at his work with his hand-press, and seen how the joint worked that gave him the impression. This I sought to imitate by setting my little form just high enough up on a stool to use my elbow as a toggle-joint, and to come down on it with the required force to

get a good impression. I used to beg of the printer a piece of the required preparation for the inking-pad, until I learned to make it myself. Still later, not being satisfied with modest headline, I carved out of a block of hard wood the desired large letters, and *The Northern Light* appeared in full form. The successive numbers have long been lost. I would give much could I see one of them now. I do not remember just how old I was when I entered thus into political controversy, but there was at least no control of the editorial columns by the counting-room.

My education in citizenship and a lifelong interest in public affairs began early—as a boy in connection with the annual town meeting. Usually we boys were put out when we crept into the crowded hall where the town meetings at Brunswick were held; but then we would manage to crawl up on the window-sills outside, where, perched above interference from within, we could look down on the whole tumultuous scene and join in the occasional cheers. The usual moderator, an ex-governor, had a majestic presence and a commanding voice, and it was a delight to us boys to see and hear him rule that often boisterous crowd. There are chiselled in the epitaph on his tombstone these striking words from one of his speeches: "There is an unwritten history which has never been recorded."

In those town meetings at Brunswick there was usually a fight on between those who wished to appropriate more money for the public schools and village improvements, and a Bourbon element, as we used to call them, who had made money out of ship-building and trade in rum and molasses from the East Indies. Those town meetings constituted one of the chief excitements as well as educational courses of my boyhood. They are especially pleasing recollections for me, as my honored father fought from the beginning not only for the schools and village improvements, but also for the whole grade-school system throughout the State of Maine. The obligation of taking active part in public affairs and the value of American citizenship were elements of the very atmosphere in which I lived, as early as I have any distinct recollections. Years afterward I witnessed the last town meeting held in New Haven, when the town was finally merged in the city. Then an obstinate citizen held the floor for a considerable time against some of the best lawyers of the city, much to my amusement as well as to the renewal of my recollections of the town meetings of the days of my youth.

We boys, in that secluded college circle on the hill at Brunswick, were brought up from childhood, more than half a century ago, under most wholesome and happy conditions. As I

look back through the long years to my birthplace, it seems to me like an Eden into which, as yet, no evil thing had entered. There was given to us the knowledge of the good long before we came to any realizing sense of the evil. There was an innocent succession of us, the younger receiving the benefit of the instructions of the older, falling heirs to their tools and sports and, above all, as we came of sufficient age, to their liberty of sailing and camping among the islands of Casco Bay. We had lots of out-of-doors in which to roam at large, pine-trees to climb, a near-by trout brook to fish, a river to go venturesomely to swim in. I realize now what anxieties for us our parents must at times have felt when, as we became old enough, they would let us go off for days of sailing down the bay. It was an epoch in our lives when our older brothers would take us for the first time with them on one of their cruises. There was not much in all the region round about which we did not explore. We knew where to find the first mayflowers on the sunny sides of rocks or stumps, when the snows still lingered on the fields. The first ice on neighboring ponds caught the ring of our skates, and sometimes we learned from experience how deep the water beneath us was as the thin ice cracked and let us down. The river, where we sometimes ventured, was more dangerous, yet none of us managed to fall into it and get himself drowned.

We had to make our own playthings in those days, and we learned to make for ourselves bows and arrows, of course, wooden guns, sleds, snow-ploughs, and skates—the runners of one pair of which, I remember, were tempered over for me by an accommodating village blacksmith, and the woods turned out from our own workshop, making as good skates, at least for long-distance use, as might then have been found. One of my older brothers had succeeded in manufacturing a small fire-engine which I fell heir to and managed to put in repair, so we organized a fire company. Our parents, however, seeing we could reach with quite a stream the second stories, commandeered it, and we were obliged to use it occasionally in washing the windows. When, little by little, we were allowed to have some powder for the Fourth of July, we dissected a Roman candle and, seeing how it was made, we successfully constructed a number of them for our celebration.

To learn thus some use of tools, as we boys did then because we had to make things for our own amusement, has always seemed to me a valuable part of a good education. For it forms the habit of taking hold and trying to do whatever at any moment needs to be done. One so trained will not wait in any breakdown for some one else to come to his aid, but, with whatever he may lay his hands on, will try at

once to help himself out. Indeed, the habit thus early formed may influence one's way of taking hold of things all the rest of his days. I have sometimes thought that some elementary practice in the use of tools might be a useful accompaniment of knowledge of the classics required for admission to college. Nor is the recreation and pleasure in after-life of some ability to make things, to be despised. I have still the tool-chest to which I fell heir from my father's house, and only this last summer I had occasion to use the fore-plane, which I remember using so long ago when my elbows were hardly high enough to enable me to push it over the work-bench in the old home. I can take a moment's vacation and be as a care-free boy again, when I use that plane.

Among other advantages of a healthy out-of-door life which my birthplace afforded me, was the neighborhood of one of the most beautiful sheets of water on our Atlantic coast, Casco Bay. One end of its farthest reach inland is Marquoit Bay. Broadening out from that, it encloses in its waters some hundred and more islands, including Portland harbor, affording ever-changing groupings of islands and inlets and glimpses of the open sea beyond. As small boys we were permitted to go with the older ones fishing from one of its wharfs, and later sometimes to accompany them on their sails. As we grew up we were allowed ourselves

the freedom of the seas, and would sometimes spend days and nights sailing wherever the wind let us and camping in the open air, or sometimes in some barn on an island, as night might overtake us and good luck might permit. We grew up to be expert sailors, and indeed to know from frequent experiences a good number of the shoals and mussel-beds on which we had gone aground. There was hardly a nook or narrow passageway in those miles of water and islands which we had not explored. I have often wondered at the courage of our parents, who gave us such liberty—wisely, I think now, for the making of us—when for days sometimes we would be gone, and winds would blow and thunder-storms shake their houses, while we were they knew not where. But they were always glad to see us home, which they rarely did until we had exhausted all the food we had taken with us or had managed with fish-lines and perhaps a shotgun to pick up from the waters of the sea and the birds of the air. We were never upset, though many a squall had overtaken us; and we managed always to keep ourselves from being wrecked upon the rocky points or devouring ledges among which we sometimes had to beat our way in the fogs. Boylike, we made some foolish ventures (of which we said little on our return to the parental roof), and I recall also some laughable experiences.

Later on, in my college days, I used frequently to spend some vacation days on Casco Bay, but with a better boat, more seaworthy than we could get possession of as boys. On one of these trips, after a wet day, one of my companions had left his wet shoes by our smouldering camp-fire overnight to dry, to discover in the morning that they had turned to fragments of burnt leather and ashes. The next day, putting in to a wharf in Harpswell, we found the pier in possession of a group of young girls of our acquaintance. The rest of us were soon up on the wharf, while he was left disconsolate, hiding his feet under the sail, until at last we managed to obtain a pair of old shoes from a fisherman, and putting them on him amid shouts of laughter, presented him to the girls. After that he went in college under the name Burnt Boots.

Once a professor, whom we had invited to go with us, but who was more familiar with Ulysses' travels than with our course amid the isles of Casco Bay, came near wrecking us on one of the worst ledges in the whole bay. We had made our camp near the end of a snug little harbor at one end of Jewell's Island, the narrow entrance to which was between a steep bank with deep water at its base and, on the other side, a dangerous ledge. We had left the professor in the camp to keep the fire going one afternoon. As we were belated in returning

until after dark, and the fog set in, he became anxious about us. We had shaped our course so well that we had no apprehensions as we approached the entrance to the harbor. We had taken the precaution, however, to put one of us as lookout on the bow, lest we should happen to make too long a stretch on a short tack from the big bank to the opposite ledge. We were sailing in rightly on the mark on the shore indicated by our camp-fire, when suddenly we found that we were almost in the foam of the breakers. Fortunately a quick word and action, and the boat came about just in the nick of time. We were puzzled, however, to understand it, until, hugging the other side closely, we caught sight of the form of the professor heaping brush on a fire which he had made on the point below our camp, as far out as he could go toward the ledge. Of course we had taken his false beacon for our camp-fire! In his anxiety for us he had thus come near making for himself the reputation of a wrecker. He could teach us Greek, but we could have given him points on navigation.

This Jewell's Island used to be the Ultima Thule of our navigation down the bay. It is the extreme island at the south of the bay, about half-way across its broad expanse; from it we could look back among the islands, and between the shores far up the bay, while a wall of jagged rock guarded its farther end against

the open sea. With its quiet, almost enclosed harbor, its stretch of open field, and its wood-clad elevation and view, it was to us the most lovely of all the isles; we used to call it the bride of the sea.

On it was one house occupied by a retired seafarer, who was not at all disposed to welcome visitors to the seclusion of his island; but with whom we had managed so far to ingratiate ourselves as to obtain permission to make use of his harbor and to obtain milk for our chowders; and none better than ours, I must believe, were ever made. My companion through all these early years—we two used always to sail the boat together—in his after-life, after Captain Jewell's death, bought this island and made it his summer home. There, once only, I visited him; and we recalled together the memories of our earlier years. One reason my friend had discovered for the old captain's reluctance to see strange visitors in his sequestered cove. For in rebuilding the old house, to make a summer cottage of it, he found, behind a panel in the wall, an entrance to a small chamber which might well have served as one of the hiding-places of the smugglers of rum and molasses who formerly flourished along the Maine coast. I should add, however, that we had never heard any suspicion cast upon the captain of being himself engaged in that trade.

My playmate in childhood and companion in

sailing among the islands of Casco Bay, he who afterward purchased and made his summer home on Jewell's Island—the outpost of all our youthful adventures toward the open sea—has gone, several years before I may, into the great adventure of the life beyond. I think often that all this out-of-door life, all that is wrought into our memory and our sense of oneness with nature, shall not be lost, shall abide with us and enable us to enter more richly into the fulfilments of the life beyond, among the worlds in the open sea of infinite space.

As I look back through these long years upon this early out-of-door life, and revisit the scenes of my youth and recall especially the opportunities that we boys had of breaking our necks in our rivalries to reach the topmost branches of the tallest trees, or drowning ourselves in challenging one another to dive from the piers in the river, or of wrecking ourselves in learning to sail a frail boat in all kinds of weather, there is one thing for which I am especially thankful to my parents: that they did not allow themselves in their anxieties for us to restrain us too much from this part of a good education. It may contribute to the formation in early life of the instinctive habits of instantaneous perception of any situation, of quick judgment, and that decisive action which must be taken in a moment or the opportunity be lost.

Among us boys who grew up together in that

college neighborhood in my day was one, somewhat older than myself, who had become interested in collecting butterflies and whatever else he could catch in his net. We did not altogether appreciate his interest in that sport. Once he had asked us all to be sure and let him know when we might see the first flock of wild geese flying across the Brunswick fields. The next April Fool's day, looking up into the sky from our yard, adjacent to his, I ran over shouting "Wild geese!" Dropping his saw, he came running across, gazing all around the sky, saying: "Where! Where!" I answered: "April Fool." So for once an incipient theologian got the better of a coming naturalist. That boy's collection, however, grew steadily, and his early pursuit of butterflies led him to increasing knowledge in which he was never misled into April Fool deception. Somewhat later in our college days, he would go with us in our sailings about Casco Bay, always with the stipulation that, when we were crossing certain places, he should be allowed to throw over his dredge-net to see what he might bring up in the ooze from the bottom. We would at times demur, when we were in a hurry to get somewhere and the wind was light; but under no circumstances would his interest flag as he pawed over the mud at the bottom of his dredge. Sometimes he would find something which would lead him to urge us to go back again over our course and dredge the

bottom once more. In later years he became one of America's best-known naturalists. I have occasionally taken down from my book-shelves and referred to his complete text-book, "Zoology," in its revised edition, by A. S. Packard, professor of zoology and geology in Brown University.

The last time I saw him, many years ago, was at his summer cottage at Mere Point, near by where our youthful ventures down Casco Bay out toward the sea used to begin. He was then poring over some specimens, and as eager as ever to talk about the world of manifold living forms which from his childhood he had begun to explore. We were born under the same roof of the double house which my father and his had built when they first became professors in Bowdoin College, we two growing up together, he seeking to explore the mystery of life in the way ever opening before the naturalist, and I through the mystery of personal life—these two ways of divine revelation. In his undying eagerness to know he has gone before me into the other world, where seeking shall be finding, and finding an ever happier seeking. These two ways of life, beginning here together, may come at last together again, his and mine, in some renewed comradeship in the ever fresh delight of seekers after truth.

My mother looked carefully after my reading; usually every day she would read something

aloud for an hour with us children. Indeed, we were brought up on Follin's "Ancient History," not without some impatience on our part. My early and special delights were the Rollo books, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," the girl who was bound to a rock by the sea and would not deny her faith, while the tide rose around her and she was drowned, being my special favorite, and a picture of Giant Despair my great delight. Novel-reading, particularly for young people, was not looked upon with much favor. From one of the strictest families of our neighborhood all novels were banished; but I remember with gratitude the time when my parents allowed me to go with some other boys and girls, older than myself, to a neighbor's house, and the intense interest which I felt when a school-teacher read to us there, on successive days, a chapter of "Ivanhoe." It was some time, however, before I was allowed to read by myself "David Copperfield," which I had found in our house. I imagine such precautions were taken, not from objections to novels, but from some parental solicitude over my nervous excitability.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is that of an alabaster image of a praying Samuel, bought from an Italian peddler and given as a present to me. During the week I kept it carefully put away in a drawer, but on Sundays I would take it out, putting myself

in a similar posture and imitating its example.

The religious beliefs of my parents were evangelical, but not over-dogmatic or intolerant; the service of God seemed to them to be the one best thing in the world for which to live. One of our near neighbors, a professor, used to preach in a small Episcopal church in the village. It was with much curiosity that I was allowed for the first time to go with his children to an Episcopal church. We boys, at an early period of our explorations, came once upon a little Roman Catholic chapel, with its rude cross and, at the doorway, a basin which we thought contained holy water, of which we had heard. So, with boyish curiosity, we dipped our fingers in it, made the sign of the cross, and then ran away, not knowing what might happen to us. Such may have been my first initiation into church unity, the pursuit of which has been so much the work of the closing years of my life. Our Sundays were not made odious to us, as they were to some, by overmuch restrictions. My mother had a happy art in guiding us by a word in season, and her gracious, intelligent influence, like an atmosphere, pervades still all my memories of my childhood and youth. Truly it is a blessed thing to have as the background of all one's life the memory of such a home—like the pure light just above the horizon, before the dawn fades into the light of common day.

CHAPTER II

PHILLIPS ACADEMY AND BOWDOIN COLLEGE

I WAS barely twelve years old when I was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, to prepare for college. My mother had endeavored, shortly before I left home, to initiate me into the study of Latin grammar, but for some reason my first attempts to recite it in the classroom proved to be miserable failures. I was one of the youngest of the class and, contrary to all my previous experience at school, I soon found myself at the wrong end of it. The teacher used to give out at the end of every week our relative average standing. One week, after several miserable flunks, I came next to one who had won for himself the distinction of being the permanent foot of the class. He, with others, made fun of me—and I made a resolution, or at least something happened to me. The next week I started off with a fine recitation, much to the astonishment of the class. The instructor evidently shared their surprise, for he called me up to recite the next day, and the next, and every other day that week—and at the end I came out next to the head of the class. Every week after this I had

to work hard to keep up in that vicinity for the rest of my course at Andover. I think that instructor had a good insight into my condition when I made that unexpected recitation, and that he kept me at it all the week to test and to confirm me in it.

I studied, especially during the last year at the academy, more hours a day than I could wish to have any boy do, especially on the thin diet which we received in the commons in those days.

It seemed to be an object of rivalry between several eating-clubs to see which could keep the price of board down to the lowest percentage, especially as "Uncle Sam" Taylor used to revise the bill of fare each week and to strike out every article which he regarded as extravagant. He ruled with a rod of iron. Nothing seemed to escape his vigilance. He kept us in order through fear. It cast a shiver over a boy to be requested to remain after morning prayers and stand at the desk before him. There he would be sitting in magisterial authority as boy after boy, whose name had been so called, passed before him. If the offense was serious the boy would be told to meet Doctor Taylor later, in his house across the way, and at such an hour, and to go up-stairs and knock at the glass door of his sanctum. There Uncle Sam would be found sitting, and the culprit would be dealt with in full measure according to his

deserts. I remember that, after I had been at school a little while, I received such a summons to stand before him after prayers, although I do not remember what for. He had three chief charges in his category of delinquencies: "You smoke," "You wear a tall hat," "You go over to Lawrence," and several minor items besides. Apparently on general principles only he once told me that I was on the road to perdition. Several years afterward, as I was going up the hill to enter Andover Theological Seminary, I met him, and I wanted to ask him if he thought that, according to his prediction, I had yet got there. He welcomed me, however, with a cordial greeting. He was naturally a kind-hearted man, and after his boys had graduated his whole manner toward them seemed to change. His disciplinary rigor was the determined carrying out of what he believed such a preparatory school should be. And in his field he would separate, as far and as soon as he could, the tares from the wheat.

I owe more to Doctor Taylor's classroom than to any other instruction I have ever had. His methods and his success in forcing us to follow them taught us, early in life, two essential things, accuracy and thoroughness. He would ask some three hundred questions on the first seven lines of the Iliad, and he would train many of his class to answer most of them. He did not teach us literature; only rarely would

he call our attention to some specially poetic lines of Homer. But the way he would set us at work grubbing after Greek roots and among the irregular verbs, and the many weary study-hours which I spent in preparing to hurl back prompt answers to his rapid fire of such minute questions—all this was not lost as a training in accuracy in subsequent work. A favorite correction of a boy's translation, often hurled at him as he called up another, was "too loose." His classroom seemed at times like a veritable tournament, especially when he would call up and attempt to flunk some of the best pupils in the class, who were competing for the final honors. He would sometimes keep one up for ten or twenty minutes, while the class looked on as spectators of the game, and then he would suddenly break off and call up another, if an answer had not been given to his satisfaction. Occasionally, after a particularly fine recitation, the class would break out in a burst of applause. When he saw an inattentive boy he would sometimes call suddenly upon him to correct the answer of the one who was up. Once, I remember, he caught me in that way, asking me suddenly to correct another's translation. I had no idea just then what it was, but I answered at once, "Too loose, sir." The class burst into laughter. Uncle settled back for a moment in his chair, and then passed on. One day our class got the best of him. He had

a limited number of jocose observations which he used to fire off at certain fixed places in the text-books. These were secretly handed down from class to class, the points where they would be brought in carefully marked, so that we knew just when to expect them and to be prepared to propitiate him by responsive laughter. Once we learned that a certain joke was to be expected, and we passed the word around that when it came off we should receive it in attentive silence. The hour came for it, he got it off, and settled back in his chair for the usual response. Profound silence followed. He looked around for a few moments, then called upon a few boys to recite. They went speedily down under a storm of his most rattling questions.

The religious influences at Phillips Academy in those days were very marked. Conversion was urged as the beginning to be expected of religious experience and confession of individual faith. We were expected thus to experience religion, although it should be added that the experience so urged was not of an extreme Calvinistic kind, nor was the fear of eternal punishment kept luridly in the foreground. A series of sermons preached at that time by Professor Phelps, although I cannot recall them now, helped me in my own questionings as to an "experience of religion," as the phrase was urged frequently then. Even more than to the oratory of Professor Park, which was a great

stimulus, I owed at that time to Professor Phelps in deepening my spiritual experience.

Other experiences in the Andover chapel on Sunday mornings were of a different nature. Uncle Sam, ever watchful over us, used to take regularly his seat at the end, next the middle aisle, of the back pew; where he could look over us all and carefully note our behavior. If we lapsed at any time during a long, dry sermon into an inattentive position, or ever dared to fall asleep, woe be unto us, for we would hear our names called out the next morning among those requested to remain. To another professor I owe a debt never yet acknowledged. He used to preach long and learned sermons, and was as an orator unfortunately to be compared with Professor Park; but between him in the pulpit and Uncle Sam at the door, I acquired the ability occasionally to snatch a little slumber while sitting bolt upright. It should, however, be gratefully recalled that at Sunday evening meetings of our religious Society of Inquiry, of all the members of the faculty or others who might occasionally come in and talk to us, no one was more helpful to us, or more welcome than Professor Barrows, under whose academic preaching I had occasionally snatched a moment so to slumber.

Doctor Lyman Beecher once preached in the Andover Seminary chapel, much to the delight of us academy boys. The following day I had

the privilege of meeting him at Mrs. Stowe's, and was asked to escort him across the campus. I still remember one remark in the conversation which I had with him. He turned to me and said, full of enthusiasm: "Yesterday I had the great privilege of preaching to three hundred academy boys!" What a great privilege that was!

Among my most vivid and happiest recollections of those old days at Phillips Academy are those of the rocky field back of the divinity buildings, which was our only football field. I never missed a recreation hour there if I could help it. It was a mixed and rough enough game as we played it, but yet in spite of its utter dissimilarity to the modern scientific football, it had some of the rudimentary tactics of the present-day game. We used to choose sides, as many as were ready to play. The ball would be tossed into the field, where it could be kicked by whoever could hit it. We had always, back of the struggling midfield, some who watched for the chance to kick it as it was knocked out, and to run with it before us as far as we could get away with it. I was usually told off in the backfield of the kickers and rushers. Ever since then I can hardly pass by the campus where students are playing with the ball without feeling in my legs, at least, the impulse to get a kick at it.

My class (1859) at Phillips Academy was

distinguished by an unprecedented act of rebellion, which seems to have greatly shocked some of the older good people of Andover Hill. But we thought it was required of us. It was, on our part, a protest and rebellion against what we had good reason to believe was the secret spy system of Uncle Sam upon the students, especially when, as we had reason to suppose, one of our own number was paid for this service. We had borne it with increasing feeling until, one day, an act of friendly departure from the requirements of the rules of the recitation was granted us by our instructor and reported to the principal, as we had reason to believe, by one of the student spies. That was just too much for us. Consequently a number of the class took it upon themselves to inflict suitable admonition upon the spy. The admonition and protest consisted in taking him from his room on some pretext, carrying him some little distance into the neighboring woods, and emptying on him several buckets of water. Being one of the youngest of the class, my part consisted in standing watch at the entrance of the woods to look out for any unexpected interruption of the proceedings. The next day was exciting. The ringleaders, some three or so of them whose names had been discovered, were promptly suspended. Immediately the others who had any part in the proceedings sent in a list of their names as equally respon-

sible for it. They, too, were suspended. Then the whole class took action supporting them. The whole class was put under condemnation and recitations suspended. Nothing like this had ever happened to shock the good residents of Andover. We refused to apologize for our act in the terms which Doctor Taylor wrote out for us to sign. Then, to bring adequate pressure upon us, a warrant was issued against the chief ringleaders, some three of them being the best scholars and one the president of the religious Society of Inquiry. Then a bright line of defensive tactics occurred to some of the class. They went over to see Ben Butler, who had then gained a certain reputation for his willingness to defend poor persons in court against bad treatment by corporations, and they asked him to come over and defend and plead our case before the magistrate, and particularly to cross-examine Uncle Sam as to his alleged spy system. Butler was quick to see his opportunity and would have come. But when that became known the suit was not pressed and negotiations for a settlement with us were resumed. Finally we agreed to sign a statement to the effect that we were not justified in taking the law into our own hands, but we refused to apologize for our act of protest against the spy system. So the one great rebellion in Phillips Academy was ended. It was with some regret, however, that we were not

permitted to see Uncle Sam under cross-examination by Ben Butler.

I am writing this account from unaided memory; I do not imagine that any record of our act of protest will be found in the records of the academy. We did not object, however, to Uncle Sam's occasional going out himself on a quiet tour of inspection, or at times suddenly appearing at the doors of our rooms, although I have known boys to jump out of the back windows of the second story of the buildings which used to be called Latin Commons, when his knock was heard at the door and they were supposed to be studying in their own rooms. I remember one evening, during my theological days at Andover, when some entertainment was going on at the near-by female seminary—an occasion which gave some temptation to mischievous pranks by uninvited students—that I saw Uncle Sam hiding behind a tree, and that, as I walked on, I saw two academy boys coming up on the sidewalk ignorant of what they were about to fall into. I could not resist the temptation, in memory of former years, as I passed them on the sidewalk, to point over my shoulder and whisper, "Uncle!" The quickness with which they vanished over the fence was amazing.

After all is said, I would here gladly pay a tribute to the memory of a great teacher, whose faults were those of the system then too prev-

alent which he had adopted, but to whom for my education I owe much—more, I think, than to any one else.

At Phillips Academy, in my time, there were no gymnastic facilities afforded the boys, but, in addition to our primitive football games, we had in the winters opportunity for muscular development in sawing our own wood and carrying it up into our rooms in the dormitories, to say nothing of shovelling ourselves out after the snow-storms. One boy, from some plantation in the South, had been sent up to Andover, and his parents had committed all his remittances of money to the watchful keeping of Uncle Sam. As the cold season came on the youth asked Uncle Sam where he could get some wood. Forthwith Uncle Sam provided him with a whole wood-pile. There it stood until at length the boy went and asked Uncle Sam who was to saw it. Uncle Sam provided him with a saw and saw-horse. The boy probably had never done any manual labor of that kind. Then the fun began for the rest of us. His neighboring roomers demonstrated to him, on a few sticks, how the wood could be cut, and some of them were on hand to encourage him with much merriment in his first try at it. He did not become sufficiently trained to do the trick until the winter fairly set in, but he could kick a football higher and farther than almost any of us.

I was sixteen years old when I entered college, in 1859, the youngest in my class but one, who had a few months the advantage of me. In order to keep up the record of my family I would have to graduate at the head of my class. Having had a better preparation than others, it was comparatively easy for me to keep up to the mark, especially in Greek and Latin, and at the same time to find much time for reading and the unguided study of literature. It seemed to me to be a part of my duty as a college man to make myself acquainted with the master works of English literature. Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" was one of my early admirations. It was not until later that I learned to appreciate the simplicity of Lamb's "Essays." All the poets were a delight to me, Milton being always the great master. Shakespeare, of course, one had to acknowledge or count himself unworthy. Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" laid hold of and has never since lost its power over me. Later on Wordsworth became to me the interpreter of many things in my own nature—feeling and spiritual experience. In my college days I made the acquaintance of the large folio edition of Jeremy Taylor's works. I am, perhaps, somewhat alone among students who have found delight in opening those volumes and skipping along through his sermons, as one might traverse uninviting lowlands, to find him-

self suddenly lifted up to some commanding height, with a superb vision opened before him. I came to regard him in those early days as the gatherer of the *spolia optima* of English rhetoric. It was, perhaps, from that early delight in Taylor's long and splendid sentences, such, for example, as his famous passage beginning, "So have I seen the lark," that I came to delight in Ruskin's descriptions; whose chapters on the mountains, and the sky, and many other passages of word-painting to be found almost anywhere in his books, I would read and reread. Our modern newspaper style of short sentences has its virtue of effective statement, like a rapid-fire gun at close range; but well ordered and more comprehensive sentences are often needed for viewing a subject all around and thinking of things as a whole. A literary automobile style may enable one to get quickly to a desired conclusion, but the old-fashioned coach climbing the hill and taking breathing-spells at the summits, afforded more opportunity for appreciating the scenery. Possibly a skilful use of the modernized and the former styles of composition may combine the effectiveness and the suggestiveness of both.

Having been born as a perhaps premature philosopher, I arrived too early in my education at the problems of modern philosophy. I had too little guidance in my first venturings, and when I came to that department of study

in my college curriculum I found myself already lost in a maze of questionings which my professor in that department seemed to shun as forbidden ground. At least he never entered it in his teaching, nor was he concerned to lead any one out of it. I had none of the teaching of experimental psychology such as is now given in our colleges generally. Consequently I very soon found myself struggling beyond my depth. I began with the Scotch philosophy and, after becoming somewhat familiar with the theories of Stuart and Reid concerning sense-perception, I came to Sir William Hamilton's "Lectures," which were then much in vogue. I read his essay on "The Unconditioned," which seemed to me to sweep away the very foundations of all knowledge, including any surety of my own existence. I struggled with his reasoning as a fish in a net, but I could not break loose. I found that the effort was becoming too absorbing, that my mind was becoming so engrossed with the problem that it was taking possession of me and driving out everything else. I became aware that to let one idea gain control of the mind was to walk dangerously near the verge of insanity, and that consequently I must get rid of it. So one morning, as I was returning from recitation and found myself wrestling helplessly again with that essay of Hamilton's which was pursuing me, I made up my mind that when I came

to the next tree on the walk home I would quit thinking about it—but I didn't. The attempt, however, succeeded a little better at the next tree, and the next. Reaching home with the problem of the reality of anything, including my own personal existence still following me, I took up the text-book for my next recitation, and lo! there it was again staring at me over the table. Then I made up my mind that vigorous effort was needed if I did not want to fall into the condition in which an upper class-man had just been left, of mental aberration from overstudy without needed sleep. So, guided by some friendly Socratic demon, I rushed over to the college gymnasium. For some two hours I kept at about every form of exercise I could find there until I was tired in every muscle, so physically used up that I did not care to count the trees or to think of anything on the way back home. The haunting problem had left me, and I was so convinced of the reality of my own existence, in the body at least, that in spite of Sir William Hamilton and all the pack of pursuing philosophers, I have never questioned my existence since. I solved it by exercise.

Later on in my college course I took up and read, with more critical sense, Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought," which was an attempt to use Hamilton's philosophy in the interest of theology independently of Spencer's agnosti-

cism, although in partial agreement with his view of the relativity of all knowledge. Neither of these views satisfied me, and I clung fast to the belief (which I had settled in the gymnasium) that at the bottom of personal consciousness of being there is assurance of something finally and fundamentally real.

My graduating thesis on Commencement Day was on "The Absolute." It was a presumptuous title. I have long lost my copy of it, which I personally should now like to read. I remember well that while delivering it I looked down and saw fixed on me the eye of Professor Samuel Harris, whose ability as a teacher of philosophy was then becoming widely recognized. For a moment I was alarmed almost into forgetfulness of my part, but, becoming oblivious of the rest of the commencement throng, I spoke to him as well as I could. Afterward I was reassured and encouraged on my philosophic way by his kindly remarking to me that when he first saw the programme he expected a piece of folly, but that he was gratified and sustained my positions. He did me more good than he knew.

In my senior year I took much pleasure in the required study not merely of Paley's "Evidences," but much more of Butler's "Analogy," under the skilful guidance of President Leonard Woods. We were required daily to master and to give the argument of a certain number of

pages, and his comments in elucidation of the text or in correction of imperfect presentations of it by the class were helpful and stimulating. The effect of that study on my subsequent thinking has been far-reaching; the thought was left germinating in my mind that some work of the same kind in the use of the accumulated materials of modern science would be required in the interest of religious thought. Perhaps in that study of Butler's "Analogy" lies the source and the sustaining motive of my increasing and lifelong interest in modern science in connection with the study of theology.

It was during the first years of my college life that the long controversy between freedom and slavery came to its inevitable consequence, and the Civil War broke out. The sacrificial preparation of the Free Soil campaigns had been made; the Republican party had come to its hour and entered upon its campaign in what Seward called the "irrepressible conflict." He had been the favorite presidential candidate among many on account of his bold utterance of antislavery principles. Lincoln was an unknown candidate in the East; his nomination over Seward was my first political disappointment, as in retrospect it has been my lasting lesson of hopeful acquiescence when political events have not turned out according to my wishes. As I look back upon it, Lincoln's nomination, instead of Seward's, seems like a special

interposition of Providence—a strategic over-ruling of events by some higher power.

The night when we waited for the returns of Lincoln's election stands out in my memory as something separate from all others, in itself an incomparable hour. I remember it as I do no other. As we waited for the returns, for a time the result hung in the balance. Connecticut, the vote of which was needed, was till late in the night a doubtful State. At last the news, too good to believe, came through—Lincoln was elected! Well do I remember my rushing home to tell my father of the victory, for which through long years of steadfast advocacy of antislavery principles he had waited, of the cause which, when standing almost alone, he had advocated with temperate speech but with fearless power. On one occasion he had faced mob violence. Yet little did we foresee what sacrificial years were to follow that victory.

Two events, soon after, brought the North to a realization of the conflict before it. One was the firing upon Fort Sumter. The morning stands out in my memory apart by itself when, as I reached the steps of the college chapel for morning prayers, the news stared us in the face that Fort Sumter had been fired on. That gun awoke the North. During the preceding weeks the tone of the press had been compromising; the charge that the men of the North were nothing but doughfaces seemed to have some

justification. Financial interests were on the side of compromise rather than courageous action, and in those last few months before Lincoln assumed office, as I heard a political speaker of the time say, Buchanan had "sat like a mustard poultice on the body politic, drawing the rebellion to a head." It was at that time of faint-heartedness in many places, after Lincoln's nomination and shortly before his election, that during a speech which he made, as I have been told, in Meriden, Conn., some one in the audience interrupted him with the question: "Mr. Lincoln, if you are elected, how can you ever be inaugurated?" Lincoln, pointing at him, replied: "If there are enough men to elect me to the presidency, there will be men enough to put me there." And there were.

Southern men were looking upon Northerners as "doughfaces." And against the timid compromisers of the financial districts the outcry was hurled back: "Cotton is king!" But that morning, when the first gun was fired against Fort Sumter, in a moment, as in the twinkling of an eye, all was changed. The echoes of that gun, resounding throughout the North, awakened one response. The challenge was instantly answered, the financial interests of the country lost not an hour in rallying to the support of the government. Wall Street was loyal. And Lincoln's first call for troops for three months' service found quick response.

The other event, soon following, which revealed the greatness of the impending conflict, was the loss of the battle of Bull Run. That strengthened into an invincible purpose the determination of the North, making the heart of the people as heart of steel. From that day the preparation for the impending struggle really began. From that first defeat sprang the power which made final victory assured.

The upper classes in our colleges began at once to be trained for military service. One after another of the students volunteered. While reading in my freshman year, in Motley's "History of the Netherlands," an account of a brave charge by a company of university students, I had wondered, as I read, whether the college students of my own day would be as gallant as those were in their struggle for freedom. Little did I dream that before I should graduate some of my own class would have shown their courage on the battle-field, and that a year afterward I should find myself a soldier, tested under fire. And now again, after these many years of peace, the youth of our colleges have been called to the colors, and have done deeds as valiant as the bravest in the past.

College athletics, in my time, were in an undeveloped state. A standard test of physical ability was the removal or the silencing of the bell that called us to morning prayers. One year a venturesome sophomore climbed up by

the lightning-rod to the bell-tower. Sometimes entrance was managed from inside. One of my classmates who was coming down the ladder after such an attempt was suddenly taken by surprise when he heard the voice of a tutor who had followed him, shouting up to him from below: "I am sorry to see you up there." Not to be overdone in such regrets, he instantly answered: "I am sorry to see you, Mr. Tutor, down there." The consummate bell exploit was to get possession of the bell itself and send it off in exchange for a bell from some other college. Once the Bowdoin boys had received such a bell from Yale students in exchange for ours. Forming a procession they celebrated by marching around and around the campus ringing it and making the night air boisterous. They finally left the bell for the faculty to dispose of. It was boxed and left at the railway-station to be returned to Yale. Much to the astonishment of the faculty, the Yale bell was heard again that same night, pealing around the campus. The alert Bowdoin students had managed to get the bell out of its box, which, filled with stones, was sent back instead of the bell.

We had, in my time, an unoccupied field where we could play at baseball, but which was not good enough for football. A small gymnasium, however, had been provided, and a teacher appointed to take charge of it. It happened that at one time, so it was said, he had

been a good prize-fighter. At all events, he was an expert boxer. I took several courses of boxing-lessons of him in order to prepare myself better to teach in country schools during the long winter vacations. We were given our long vacation in the winter instead of the summer-time, in order that students might have opportunity to earn money for their support in their endeavor to get a college education. This particular instruction in boxing was commendable, not only as a good form of exercise, but also to enable the student schoolmaster to keep order in certain winter schools, especially along the seacoast. For it was not an unheard-of experience that, during the first day or two after a new teacher's appearance in such a school, the boys would start a disturbance to try him out. Unless he could demonstrate, then and there, his physical ability to rule, shortly afterward the village superintendent would visit his school and inform him that the school committee did not think he would do for that school.

Though in the course of some little experience at country-school teaching I was not called upon to meet that test, I had, however, such an examination as I have never had before or since. It was an old college squire who put me through it. He asked me first to locate a large number of geographical names, especially of out-of-the-way places, and then to solve some arithmetic or other puzzles, until I finally turned

on him and told him that if he wanted to examine me in the higher mathematics in order to teach that primary country school, I was ready to try it out with him. Then he laughed at me and told me he guessed I would do. I had no further trouble from him; but I concluded that from his experience he thought that the best way to fit a college student to teach school among the plain people of his district was to take him down a bit.

The surroundings of a village college like Bowdoin afforded various opportunities for student spirits to find exercise, and by occasionally performing as yet unheard-of exploits to show what they could do. I imagine no college has more traditions of such exploits than Bowdoin. In one of the college dormitories, consisting of two ends separated by a brick wall running through the middle, the sophomores were quartered in one end and the freshmen in the other. No better plan could have been devised to encourage needed sophomore discipline of the freshmen and, if occasion demanded it, joint protection from faculty intrusions. The brick wall separating the ends rose two or three feet above the roof, affording convenient opportunity for raids or for flight under concealment from one end to the other. So well were these conveniences used that the two ends had come to be called generally Sodom and Gomorrah. Frequent concerts were given at late hours from

that roof, with various instrumental accompaniments, which an unappreciative president once characterized as making night hideous. Among the musical instruments was an immense tin horn which my class had received from antiquity. It was reported that only once had it been filled to its full sounding capacity by a student with lung-power enough to do it full justice. After trying it without much success as a musical instrument, the idea struck one of us to use it as the muzzle of an enormous syringe, holding a sufficient quantity of water for opportune uses. To our advantage it so happened that the freshman recitation-room, on the lower floor, abutted the thin brick wall between it and the entrance to Sodom. It was an easy task to drill a hole through the wall just large enough to hold the nozzle of the improvised syringe. Straight down across the benches of the freshmen stood the seat of their tutor. So, all preparations having cautiously been made, both for action and escape, a sufficient number of buckets of water having been concealed in a near-by closet, and man-force enough enlisted to work the syringe, it was put into action with great success. The ardors of aspiring freshmen as well as of the instructor were suddenly quenched. Moreover, so well planned and expeditiously carried out was the scheme, that we saved the syringe for further necessary uses.

Two of my classmen succeeded in a hazardous

exploit which would have made a hard case for them had they been caught. At one end of the near-by railroad-station an engine was frequently left overnight. A watchman patrolled the station from one end to the other. The students wanted that engine's bell. They managed to loosen and remove the bolts which held it, and finally the bell itself, working quietly during the minutes while the watchman was walking down to the other end.

It may be added, however—if only as an illustrious confirmation of the saying "All's well that ends well"—that after their graduation two of the most adventurous members in mischief of my class went out into a Western State together. One of them became a judge and the other the district attorney. It was reported of them that together they had cleaned out every rascal in their county.

My father was the one member of the faculty who was apt to appear in the thick of it if any disturbance was going on in the campus, while others hung back on the outskirts. For this the students held him in high regard. They also found it expedient to set a guard near by his gate if anything was going on in which they did not wish to be interrupted. They rarely tried any tricks on him. Once, however, some members of the class, who had constitutional objections to the higher mathematics, during the night greased the blackboards of his recitation-

room. The professor entered the room, saw quickly what had been done, and, without saying a word, called up one of the class, took a piece of chalk, got down on the floor, marked out a difficult problem, and called on the student, and others after him, likewise to kneel on the floor and, chalk in hand, work out the problem. The rest of the class looked on with manifest appreciation. Nothing more was done about it, except to have the blackboards cleaned.

The difference between the college education which was prevalent in those days and the present time is striking. It suggests comparative estimates of the losses as well as of the gains of the present period. The contrast is visibly presented if one looks over the courses of study in the catalogues of the earlier times, and then glances through the lists of studies, lectures, and optionals now offered in a university catalogue or posted on the weekly bulletins. Even the titles of many of these would have been incomprehensible to the earlier graduate, as a bill of fare in an unknown tongue to an innocent traveller. As I glance over the opportunities for the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge now offered weekly to students at Yale, I am reminded of the boast of an Irishman who said: "I have a brother who graduated at a college thirteen stories high; there's an education for you."

There is, however, one advantage which the old-time graduates may plead; they had four years of study together in a common liberal education before being thrown out into the world to pursue their various individual vocations. They could speak at graduation the language which the people could understand. They had at least learned to box the main points of the compass of human knowledge. They had learned enough to enable them to choose what further fields of knowledge they would explore. They also may have been taught enough to enable them to listen when from any quarter some one who had become a specialist might tell them of what he was finding out, and to ask intelligent questions, as well as to seek to assimilate in their own pursuits what any one might bring them from his researches. Certainly the simpler, but in its way thorough, education of those earlier times did not result in a university babel of many tongues.

On the other hand, the extension of scientific investigations in many directions, the complexity of human problems, the allurements to lifelong pursuit of some chosen line of research—in short, the new world presented by the present-day university bulletin—mark the vast gain of intellectual acquisitions which are to be included among the opportunities of a college education. The contrast, however, between then and now is well to note; for what was un-

questionably most excellent in the college training of old should be so far as possible conserved in the more diversified university opportunities of these days. A liberal education must still be rooted, at least, in common educational soil. Specialties should not, from the ground up, be cultivated as a hothouse growth, each by itself. The earlier years at college should give to all students acquaintance with one another in some elements of universal education, such as language, literature, scientific methods. A common freshman year may prove the salvation of modern liberal education amid the attractions of specialties and the haste of many to pursue them. A man cannot live by bread alone—not even his chosen specialty.

While the founders of our New England colleges had primarily in mind the desire to provide a good education for the ministry, and the atmosphere of the colleges was religious, the founders and faculties had in view also the need of a college education for other professions and for the service of the people. They were schools of good citizenship as well as of primary training for a religious and educated ministry. An illustration of this desire to impart a liberal education is the advice given, when I was in college, by President Woods of Bowdoin to a student who had neglected his studies to go around among neighboring schoolhouses and give talks on temperance, or hold revivalist

meetings wherever he might find opportunity. The student advanced such activities as his excuse for neglecting his studies. The president answered: "Assuredly if you can have but one, Mr. ——, it would be well to have religion; but might it not be better for you to have a little religion and a little knowledge?"

The intention of the founders of the New England colleges, as well as the influences which, in my days, pervaded our colleges, was worthily expressed in the definition of character given by Judge Phillips in the constitution of Phillips Academy: "Let it not be forgotten that goodness without knowledge, as it concerns others, is weak and feeble, and that knowledge without goodness is dangerous; but that both united form the strongest characters and lay the surest foundations of usefulness to mankind."

CHAPTER III

ARMY LIFE

SHORTLY after my graduation, in the fall of 1863, I had obtained a position in the Naval Academy, then at Newport, R. I., as a librarian and assistant teacher in mathematics, the department of which my uncle, Professor John Coffin, was the head. The old frigate *Constitution* had been fitted up for the departmental offices, while the temporary barracks on the adjacent island furnished the recitation-rooms. This introduction into naval circles, and acquaintance with the methods of training cadets was a very interesting experience. As a consequence of it I have retained ever since an interest in naval affairs. The task of teaching was relieved of some of its difficulties by the fact that the instructor had nothing whatever to do with the administration of discipline, his duty being fulfilled simply by making reports to the officer in charge of his class and its discipline. Professor Coffin was a thorough teacher and a mathematician who had been much engaged in the production of the nautical almanac, an unassuming and genial man, while he was a thorough disciplinarian. He had acquired in his experience a most comprehensive contempt for politicians, and he early im-

bued me with much of his opinion of them and all their ways. The year spent in his home and charming family was a delightful one. They lived close to the water, and many an afternoon or evening I found myself rowing or sailing about Newport harbor.

As I had learned to love the water from my boyhood's knowledge of Casco Bay, I could appreciate the fun of it when one windy morning a boat sped out from one of the war-vessels sailed by an officer, who doubtless could have commanded a war-ship, but who had not learned the sudden pranks of a Rhode Island catboat, for he let his sail suddenly jibe, upsetting the boat and plunging him and his companion into the water. A boat, however, speedily sped out from a near-by ship before I could have the pleasure of rescuing him. I recall also the dilemma from which a distinguished admiral was obliged to extricate himself in an address which he was making to a graduating class. He had begun a carefully memorized speech, with which he was getting along eloquently, with well-rounded periods befitting the dignity of the occasion, when suddenly his memorized speech seemed to vanish from him and he stopped short, embarrassing both his audience and himself. But he soon proved master of the occasion; for suddenly he broke out into these words: "Boys, don't swear!" And then, having in that moment of suspense cast away his

anchorage on his preparation, he went on in forcible language, such as without swearing he might have used on the quarter-deck, to give those cadets more good advice than I have ever heard in any commencement oratory. I think all his listeners were thankful that his memory had failed him, and that his naval ability to meet any emergency had saved the day.

The war was going on; officers were in demand. I had a brother, an officer in Rosecrans's army, who had been taken captive at Chattanooga. How could I loiter at home, even in the Naval Academy, while he was in Libby Prison? I never consciously decided that question; I simply found myself enlisted for the rest of the war and spending day and night in the recruiting service. With the help of the governor of Maine I had succeeded in raising a sufficient part of a new company to receive from him a commission as first lieutenant. We were sent to the front hastily, where I found myself in the Sixteenth Maine Regiment in the Fifth Army Corps, stationed before Petersburg.

Our new company had hardly been mustered in and a few days only afforded it for learning how to execute the simplest army tactics, before we found ourselves at the front; a band of decidedly fresh reinforcements in a regiment of veterans whose flag bore the names of many battles in which it had been engaged. It was a trying situation for a young officer to be

placed in among veterans; but they welcomed us and treated me with most kindly consideration and helpfulness. Of course it was comparatively easy for a college graduate to commit to memory any required amount of the book of tactics, but experience in the necessities of life in camp and on the field was a very different thing. It was but a few days after we had been incorporated in the regiment that I found myself taking my turn in command of our regimental detail on the picket-line.

The regiment to which my company was assigned was then camped at Fort Wadsworth, on the Weldon Railroad, south of Petersburg. Our picket-line was thrown out some distance in advance, the outpost being at one of the chimneys of a house which had been burnt down while the Confederate vedette was behind the chimney on the other end. As showing how the elaborate use of wire netting in the last war has been evolved from small beginnings, it is interesting to note that a few yards in front of our fort a network of wire, about a foot high, had been spread out with a crisscross narrow path running through it, for the purpose of delaying any attacking party long enough for us to reload our guns and give them another volley. Its chief effect in practice, however, was occasionally to trip up some officer returning at night from picket duty and to evoke a rapid fire of profanity.

We had been at the front but a few weeks when I was put in command of a company with the rank of acting captain. This was more responsibility than I had expected to take upon myself so soon after enlistment, and with hardly any drill at the front. Shortly after that we were ordered to move in light marching order. We had little idea, at first, as to where we were going or what might be expected of us; but we soon found ourselves on the march toward the Weldon Railroad. It proved to be a raid by the Fifth Corps of some forty miles, for the purpose of tearing up a large portion of the railroad over which supplies were being transported to Richmond. It was wintry weather. We had nothing but the blankets and rations which we could carry on our backs for four days of marching and exposure. It was a weird spectacle when, in the evening, we reached the railroad and went to work at once to tear up the rails with all possible speed. The road ran on a straight line through the woods. As far as we could see our corps was stretched along it, ripping up the rails and then putting them across piles of blazing sleepers so as to render them useless. As I looked down the line I could see glimpses of the guns of the soldiers among the fires, as the work of destruction went rapidly on. The men took delight in heating rails red-hot and bending them into the form of a Maltese cross, which was our corps emblem,

and leaving them thus as our sign to the enemy. It was cold camping in the Virginia mud with nothing but the few blankets which we had been able to carry on our shoulders, especially on the last night, when the ground froze hard.

On the last day of this raid Lee sent a force to overtake us. As it happened, on the march back that day to our camp, our division was the rear of our corps, our brigade the rear end of the division, my regiment at the rear of the brigade, and my company the tail-end of the regiment. Reb cavalry was at our heels, so one had to keep up in the rapid march unless he wanted to fall back into a rebel prison. But we finished our march with only one slight skirmish at our rear. It was a raid that tried the endurance of old soldiers. Quite a number of my men went on the sick list after it; but with the exception of blistered feet, occasioned by ill-fitting shoes, I came through hale and hearty and ready for any duty. I was particularly glad of it since, when I first reached the regiment, I was somewhat pale and thin from my work of recruiting. I had heard some of the men saying: "What has that pale-faced lieutenant come out here for? We will send him home in a box in six weeks." I had spotted a veteran whom I overheard saying that, and noticing him laboring on the last day's march, I asked him if he did not want me to carry his musket a piece for him! I have never forgotten the kindness of Lieutenant-

Colonel Farnham, who a mile or two before we reached camp, asked me if I would not ride his horse for a while as he was tired of riding and wanted to walk a bit.

My first experience of a possible action occurred on this last day, when some of our cavalrymen were driven into our regiment, pursued by the reb cavalry. I had at once to form our company to the rear, in line with the company next in front of me, before even the colonel could form the rest of the regiment on our companies. I gained thereby more confidence in myself, as it seemed to me the whole book of tactics came into my head and that I could carry out any kind of an order that might be given me. It was something like the experience I had had in academic examinations, when in answer to sharp questioning memory seemed to act with gratifying spontaneity and whatever I knew was startled out of the subconscious for my use.

In the early part of February General Meade made an attack in force at the extreme left of our line in an effort to approach nearer to the Southside Railroad, Lee's main source of supplies, and by extending our own line to weaken his defensive force all along his front. I take from my note-book the following extracts:

"Feb. 5th. I received orders early this morning to have my company fall in immediately. We are on the march, nobody knows where or

why. I hope the Southside R.R. is our destination, but cannot tell. Sharp cannonading is going on up the line.

"Feb. 6. Fell back a few miles this morning and encamped in an open field. Advanced in the afternoon upon the enemy. Our regiment charged and drove the Johnnies from their first line. We were flanked and compelled to fall back. We went in four times under a severe musketry fire. Enemy's artillery fire went over our heads. Were driven back about dark by a charge of the enemy. Got separated from regiment, gathered up scattered men, and regiment reformed in the night. Then followed a general shaking of hands among those of us who were left.

"Feb. 7. Went down the works about half a mile, filed into the woods and formed then in line of battle. A Mass. Regiment deployed as skirmishers in our party started up the enemy, as soon as we began to advance after forming. We advanced in support of our skirmishers, driving the enemy into their works. Our whole regiment then deployed as skirmishers and the enemy opened on us with grape-shot. . . . In the cold sleet we stood skirmishing all day. General Baxter said it was the hardest day's service he had seen. At dusk we charged as skirmishers in front of a line of battle, which after a charge was driven back. We waited for over an hour before it was possible on the skir-

mish-line to start any fires. I lay down half-frozen behind a burning log from which a sharpshooter clipped off a piece of bark. I was awakened by some men who were burying a man who had just been shot at one of the fires. About one o'clock we were ordered to fall back as quietly as possible."

On February 10 we returned to camp. In a letter to my father, which he kept, I find these words:

"I have been through a baptism of fire. I led my men several times in the charge and also rallied them, when we were flanked on both sides and could not hold ground which we had captured. I felt perfectly cool and self-possessed in action. I think I have done my whole duty. Once our colonel turned to me, saying: 'I have a great mind to go in again just as we are.' I replied: 'I will follow where you lead.' When he said that to me, and I could so answer it, it was one of two proudest moments of my life—when I felt, that is, that I had done all that is in a man to be and to do. But it was not I, it was the thought of my mother that made me brave as the word 'Forward' came ringing down the line." This extract from my letter home I include as a tribute to her memory.

From some letters written home, and dated from "Camp in the Field," and also from a pocket-book note-book, written in pencil, I make the following extracts, as they may be

of some interest in showing what army life was at that time. Under date of December 11, shortly after our return from the raid on the Weldon Railroad, I find this:

"We are at work building huts, but it is by no means certain that we shall ever enjoy them. Whether Grant makes any new move we cannot guess but he is generally doing something, while we possess our souls in patience not knowing what a day may bring forth. To-night I am enjoying an open fire at one end of my tent while I am sitting on a couch made of poles, over which I have spread my blankets, and I am writing on a table made of an old hardtack box, mounted on four poles. Yet my tent seems comfortable as the most cosey parlor, after all the hardships which we have undergone, and a week spent out in the open air."

In several of these letters I find allusions to the patience required of the troops while waiting in camp during the rains and cold of midwinter, when even drilling had often to be omitted. I wrote:

"Jan. 8. If only we could march out and fight it through and then go home, the troops would be happy as could be; but these long months of inactivity try their patience and fill up the hospitals. I myself am in the best of health, and exposure only seems to toughen me. The army is a great place to develop independence and decision of character. I am getting

here a discipline such as I have never received before."

"March 11. This is a curious climate, it rains as easily as a child cries. The army at present is mud-bound."

In another letter describing the conditions of camp life while waiting for the springtime to make an advance possible, I find that I wrote: "I had expected all this when I entered in the service, and it is beyond the power of any of these circumstances to make me feel blue."

Our regiment had been transferred from Fort Wadsworth and stationed on the extreme end of our line on the left flank. I wrote this description of our picket service there:

"Jan. 5th. Our present line of pickets is over two miles from camp, and as we have been having a drenching rain the mud was almost bottomless. I was in command of the reserve of about seventy men for the next twenty-four hours. My orders were to be anywhere along the line that I saw fit. Now as there were several houses just inside our vedettes on the right of the line, and also as the right was the most exposed part of the line, I found it expedient to visit that flank of it often. Entered one; I was invited into a large and quite well-furnished room. There were engravings hung on the walls, and books lying on a table. A comfortable feeling of home and civilized life came over me as I sat down in a rocking-chair in front of

a blazing fire. This was once a fine plantation and thirty field hands formerly kept it under cultivation. 'We had everything that we could wish,' said one of the women to me, 'but the outhouses are all empty now, and the huts of the slaves deserted, while ploughs and a few other utensils are lying unused in the open air.'"

On March 11, 1865, I thus wrote my sister:

"I have very unexpectedly been detailed to what is called 'a soft job,' that of Acting Regimental Quartermaster. This is hardly what I came out for, but if it so happens that I am not ordered up to the front in case of a fight, I suppose that I have no cause to complain. I shall have considerable business to do, but shall have a horse to ride, shall be much more my own master, and most of the time shall be out of danger. I told Col. Tilden that I should be glad enough to act as Quartermaster while we were living in camp, but I should feel cheap to see the Regiment going out to a fight while I had to stay in the rear, that I thought other officers who had been longer in the service than I deserved that promotion, and that I wanted to go with my company, to whom I had become devoted, in the coming campaign. But he replied, 'You are obeying orders.'"

It so happened that the regiment suffered hardly any loss in the following campaign, while I had the advantage of seeing a good deal that was going on both in front and rear. In my

faded diary, among accounts of regimental supplies issued, I find scattered notes of my experience in that last great campaign which resulted in Lee's surrender at Appomattox. General Grant's "Memoirs" give a clear and complete account of that crowning achievement of the Army of the Potomac. When his memorable marching orders were issued and read to every regiment, the men hailed them with delight and with unbounded confidence that, however hard the fighting might be, victory under such generalship was certain. The weather had cleared for a few days; the roads were passable when we moved out. But the rains descended again, and just before the victory at Five Forks I heard some passing staff-officers saying that they thought the "Old Man" would have to go back to camp. But Warren's corps, struggling through the muddy roads and throwing up corduroy over swollen streams, reached Sheridan in time at last to enable him to win decisively at Five Forks.

Immediately after the battle of Five Forks had been won by General Sheridan, other troops had carried the rebel line before Petersburg. Our division supply-train happened to be halted just behind General Park's line when he carried the rebel works in his front after a heavy cannonading and a quick charge. I had opportunity to ride over a portion of the line shortly afterward, when the dead were still lying where they

had fallen unburied and the rebel camps were left just as they were before the action. I was impressed with the engineering of the works, the way the line was covered with the means of cross-firing. It seemed to me that if it had been thoroughly manned it could have been carried only with a frightful loss. The persistent lengthening of our own lines by General Grant during the winter had compelled Lee to stretch out his fortifications too far for them to be effectually manned at every point, although he had built a corduroy road all along the way behind him and could quickly transfer troops along it, as up to the last he had done whenever an impending attack seemed to require it.

The ludicrous and the tragic sometimes go together in a soldier's experience, sometimes enough to make one laugh even on a battle-field. One such experience I had as I rode across Lee's captured line immediately after this action. A little way behind his fortifications there stood a small house. As I came up to it I saw an old woman standing in the door. Somewhat surprised, I asked her: "Where were you when all this cannonading was going on?" She said: "I was hiding down in the cellar, and a cannon-ball came through the roof and upset a right smart heap of crockery." I left her mourning for her crockery.

Grant showed that eventful morning his military sagacity. Instead of sending his troops

to the rear of Petersburg, where, it was said, Meade thought Lee might seek his line of retreat and where, it was reported, he had extensive works, Grant, immediately after the line in front of Petersburg was carried, sent his forces off toward the line of retreat which Lee actually took toward Appomattox. Our corps, which at the time Petersburg was taken were executing a flanking movement on the left, were countermarched in their tracks, and toward night were some twenty miles away in pursuit of Lee's troops. The men, exultant over their victory and eager to make an end of it all, willingly made forced marches. It was slow work during the ensuing days to push the supply-trains along roads flooded by the rains. At times the wagons seemed almost hopelessly stalled. But little by little, day and night, they were dragged and pushed along. We almost lined the roads with exhausted mules. We did not stop to camp but got snatches of sleep while waiting for portions of the trains ahead of us to dig themselves out and move along. This all was for me a great experience and formed a glorious background of memory for the remainder of my days.

I recall a few episodes from memoranda in my note-book, hurriedly made along the march.

On Friday, April 7, I saw some 2,500 prisoners just captured and ten captured guns. I got a pass within their guards and entered into

conversation with several of them. One of them told me that Lee had massed a large force on his right in February with the intention of attacking our left, but our fight at Dabney's Mills spoiled his plans. "He had an angle in his works just behind that sawdust mill on which our regiment received so severe a cross-fire." Grant's famous saying that the Confederates had robbed the cradle and the grave for their armies was confirmed, as I noticed among those prisoners both gray-haired men and boys under age. The story was told that once Lee, riding along, saw by the roadside a boy soldier hardly big enough to carry a musket, crying on the bank. Lee said to him, "Do not be a baby," and the boy replied, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby too."

Saturday, April 8, a party of quartermasters, myself among them, started out for the front to issue shoes. We rode some thirty miles through a beautiful country. Far off on the west the Blue Ridge, with its shadowy mountains, seemed to unite earth and heaven. I never enjoyed a ride more in my life. Toward evening we turned aside from the road and slept in a hay-mound, rather hungry as we had had no supper. The memory of that night's warm and comfortable sleep, where, having dug a hole in the stack, we crawled in, has remained happily with me ever since. For years afterward, whenever I saw on the meadows a hay or straw

stack, that night would come vividly back to me. For a week before we had hardly been out of the saddle for more than an hour or two at a time, dozing beside our horses while the wagons ahead of ours were struggling a little ways ahead through the mud, and then pushing ours ahead little by little at a time. My horse would lie down in the mud about as soon as I was off, and I would use his back for a pillow.

"The next morning," so I find in the entry in my diary, "we mounted and at dark reached the regiment." I had spurred my almost exhausted horse on as fast as I could, as we heard some firing ahead, and we naturally wanted to be in and see the last charge of the troops at the front. But just as we reached the regiment, the reb troops, who had resisted some of our cavalry on the edge of a wood, hurriedly withdrew as our infantry charged. A flag of truce was sent down our lines. The Army of the Potomac had fought its last fight. Colonel Tilden, who rarely showed emotion, greeted me as I dismounted with tears in his eyes, saying, "For three long years I have waited for this hour." He told me to go a little space beyond to the top of the ridge and I could see what was left of Lee's army, which, tired though I was, I did.

Our regiment was fortunate in having reached the end of its march a little distance only from the spot where Grant met Lee and peace was made.

The rumor had somehow been started and spread along our line that Lee had surrendered and given up his sword under an apple-tree in the orchard of the house where actually they had met. So, hearing this, I had gone over to get a souvenir from that tree. But the men had got there before me. I found the small trunk of the tree already cut to pieces, and I had to get a piece from near the root. This story of the apple-tree at Appomattox is worth noticing, for it illustrates how a tradition may spring up even in this age of news publicity, and continue to be believed even in the lifetime of eye-witnesses of the actual facts. Other parts of the same newspaper article, in which it was first told, were quite accurate. This instance, in our own day, shows how little reliance may be placed, especially by controversial church historians, upon early traditions concerning the origins of church institutions, unless these find confirmation from variant sources.

An interesting event, quite unusual in military experience, happened to me on our way back from Appomattox. We had captured, in the pursuit of Lee, the whole student body of a young ladies' boarding-school, and had kept them under safeguard while the troops were passing by. On the return I received orders to take them in our supply-wagons back to their homes in Richmond. Accordingly, I signed a receipt to the officer who delivered them to my

charge, for a number of young ladies; and, putting them into our wagons, started one bright morning for Richmond. The only seats we could well provide for them were several captured cannon which we had been loaded with on our return. Of course I had to apologize for mounting them on guns we had taken from the Confederates. These guns bore the marks of English manufacture, and apparently quite recently had been run through the blockade for use against us. I was at that moment naturally indignant over that evidence of English aid to the Confederacy. When the evening came we found a small house by the wayside where we could deposit our load of girls for the night; but wishing to show them how "Yanks" could be gentlemen, we were at some loss as to what we could provide for them to eat. Our light camp cooking-outfit we had been obliged to throw away, as we reduced the load as much as possible on the pursuit, and our stores were reduced to hard bread and coffee. Our dilemma was partially alleviated by my sergeant, whom I had sent out foraging, who came back waving triumphantly something over his head, to inform me that he had struck a can of peaches. In an interesting conversation with one of the most intelligent of these girls, I asked about her school and studies. I drew out from among her remarks about the North the information that her school-books were all published in Boston.

On our arrival the next afternoon in Richmond, according to my orders I delivered the goods to the quartermaster's headquarters there, receiving a receipt for so many girls. He was to see them safely escorted to their homes.

Sherman's army, having finished its march to the sea, was approaching Washington to join the Army of the Potomac in the final scene of the war. It became something of a race which of our corps should reach Washington first; and we made a forced march to do so. The arrival of these hosts at the capital proved a strain on the quartermaster's department, as the provisions for our army were largely at Norfolk. For a day or two we were put on half rations till the stores from there could be brought up. Then came the grand review—such as never before or since has been witnessed. It was the privilege of a lifetime to have seen it and to have been in it. It required two days for the troops to pass by. The first day, the Army of the Potomac, starting from the Capitol, marched down the avenue past the reviewing-stand by the White House, their torn battle-flags flying, with their generals, staff-officers, and formations of veterans who were left from many a battle-field, through an avenue thronged from sidewalk to roofs, a mass of flags and color, midst cheers instead of the noise of battle. The next day Sherman's army passed by the reviewing stand; but Lincoln—the soldiers' Lincoln—was

not there. Might the God of Hosts have permitted him in the spirit to have witnessed that last triumphal march, as the final reward of his sacrifice, would there have been also, around him, that other host of those who had fought the good fight and given their lives for their country—they who were not in the closed ranks of their comrades that triumphal day? We shall know hereafter.

Fortunately our regiment was one of the first sent homeward to be mustered out, and consequently it was permitted us to receive all along the way home the earliest spontaneous exultation of the people. Flags carried by men and women and children without number waved us homeward at the crossroads all along—and last and best of all—home!

CHAPTER IV

ANDOVER SEMINARY

WHEN I was mustered out from the army I went directly into Andover Seminary. It was certainly a sudden transition from Appomattox Court House, where I had heard the last guns fired by the Army of the Potomac, to the quiet streets and a student's room at Andover. I desired to join the junior class there, although they were then in the last term of the first year's required studies. But while waiting, immediately after my graduation from college, for an appointment in the Naval Academy, I had improved a few weeks by studying Hebrew at the Bangor Theological Seminary as a preliminary to my future preparation for the ministry. On entering the army I had carried a Hebrew grammar with me, and occasionally looked into it at idle hours in camp as a diversion. When I applied for admission to the junior class I had to appear for examination before Professor Barrows, who then occupied the chair of Hebrew. I knew his great interest in the soldiers. Indeed, he had once visited the army before Petersburg. I had heard it related of him that, as he was riding along our lines on what he called Grant's railroad, an officer leaned over his shoulder, as

he was reading a small book unlike any one on military tactics and printed in curious characters, and asked him what he was reading. "The best book in the world to fight on," replied the professor, "David's Psalms." Remembering this, and trusting my memory of the version of the first chapter of Genesis and of what I had been told was one of his favorite Psalms, I appeared for the required examination. So far I succeeded with sufficient variations from the original for appearances' sake, when he proceeded to ask me a number of questions. After a few moments the professor leaned back and said: "I see that you must, as you said, at some time have studied Hebrew a little, because I perceived, when I asked you a question, that you seemed to have some glimmering of an idea of the answer. You can enter the class and try." It was not difficult to catch up sufficiently, at least, to pass into the further study of Hebrew literature.

The most notable professors in my time were Professor Park in systematic theology, and Professor Phelps in homiletics. To Professor Phelps I owe much. His own sermons in the Andover pulpit, to which I listened when a boy at Phillips Academy, and afterward as a student in the seminary, had a quickening and spiritual influence which I have remembered gratefully ever since. His lectures were models of pure English, to which, whatever their sub-

ject, it was always a pleasure to listen. Cheap adaptations of a preacher's methods for effect on common people, and vulgarities of speech in the pulpit, sometimes called forth his withering sarcasm. On the other hand, he would insist on the necessity of the preacher's familiarizing himself with the language and the thinking of the people among whom he must minister. He recognized what he characterized as the spoken but unwritten literature of the people. As I take down his two published volumes, one on the "Theory of Preaching" and the other on "Men and Books," they seem to me to bring out the vital principles of effective preaching, as well as to embody counsels of wisdom unexcelled in any of the recent lectures on preaching. It would be well if they were still used in the homiletic teaching of our theological schools. Many passages in them are good reading for preachers on present-day social problems. I recall also one scathing rebuke which he made of one of those preachers who play upon the feelings of their hearers to call forth "the cheap tribute of tears."

It was due to Professor Tucker, his successor, that a distinct sociological course of lectures was later introduced in the theological instruction of Andover Seminary.

Professor Park was generally regarded as a great pulpit orator, and it was customary at Andover to regard a sermon from him as an

event. His lectures were like an exercise in theological gymnastics, and never dull. Very soon, among a few of us, his dialectics aroused a spirit of criticism. He was a master of dialectical skill, not only in presenting his own propositions, but also in quick and often apparently crushing reply when we ventured objections. One of his favorite methods with us was to maintain that we agreed with him but did not know how to express ourselves. He seemed to me at times to resemble one of the Greek sophists, but we were not sufficient adepts in the Socratic method to put him to confusion. Nevertheless, the minds of some of us were not satisfied with his method of reasoning. It seemed to us that he shaped Edwards to conform to his system of New England theology rather than leading us to understand Edwards' deeper spiritual thinking. We often thought that he first insinuated his conclusion into his definitions, and then, with triumphant logic, deduced them from his definitions. To those of the class, however, who were satisfied with being sent out equipped with a complete system of theology and biblical proof-texts to match, for which a net had been dragged through the whole Bible, his lectures were all that could be desired; they were furnished with a system of theology ready made, from which sermons could be drawn without any too anxious thought for the morrow on which they would have to preach.

It seemed to be Professor Park's ambition to become the final exponent of the New England theology. As a formal system it may almost be said that he did finish it—and it was buried with him. His lectures have never been published. His life of Edwards, upon which he was said to have been engaged, was never completed, and the pupils who once went forth as his favorite disciples have now almost all been gathered to their fathers. But Edwards' intellectual honesty, his profound searching for truth, abide in our theological schools.

I suppose that it was my early and instinctive longing to know what is real that led me at first to criticise and then to abandon Professor Park's complete system of theological definitions and deductions. As a consequence, I found myself going back to Augustine in his searching of truth, and to Plato in his ultimate ideas. The mystics attracted me, and Neo-Platonism opened interesting though disappointing inquiries. But the prevalent New England theology, although in many of its fundamental ideas appearing to me to be valid, as a whole seemed to me, especially as taught by Professor Park, to be an orthodox rationalism; and rationalism of any kind did not satisfy me. My brother Egbert's lectures on the ante-Nicene development of the doctrine of the Trinity led me into a truer conception of the possible development of theology—a living, ex-

panding development—which has since then become more scientifically apprehended in my own thinking.

The Nicene Creed is the high-water mark of Greek thinking concerning the person of Christ and the triune nature of God. It was a partial reconciliation of variant conceptions of the faith of the church in the divine person of Christ and the triune nature of God. The Apostle Paul's declaration to Timothy of his faith is much simpler, beginning with the words, "Great is the mystery of godliness" (I Tim. 3 : 16), and in its simplicity it is far better adapted as a creedal confession for the worship of the people. I wonder whether St. Paul, with his probably not extensive knowledge of Greek philosophic speculations, had he heard the Nicene Creed repeated, could have comprehended very clearly its distinctions, and might not have been plunged into some speculative thinking rather than become lifted up in adoration. Nevertheless, the Nicene Creed, studied historically and in relation to the variant schools of thought then prevalent, is an invaluable part of a clergyman's education who at this day would be well grounded in the historical faith of the church. That at least might keep him from tumbling at times into theological confusions. One may well confess it as an acceptable beginning of his Christian philosophy of religion. The living waters in the Holy Land

flow fresh and clear from the riven rock; but for a preacher to give to the people bits of the rock as articles of faith to be accepted is not to give the water of life.

Another more practical doctrine—more characteristic of Latin than Greek theology—was the doctrine of the atonement, and of what is involved in the experience of conversion. Rarely now, even in evangelistic preaching, do we hear these doctrinal terms used. But when I was a student at Andover these were questions of continued discussion, especially between the New School, as represented at Andover, and the older Calvinism, as taught at Princeton. Herein, perhaps, with his powers of keen analysis, was at his best Doctor Hodge, who stood steadfastly on the older Calvinism and was no mean antagonist. The anecdote was related that on one occasion, when Doctor Hodge had finished one of his lectures on the atonement, in which he had expounded the Calvinistic view of its relation to the justice of God, he turned somewhat triumphantly to his class and asked: "What do they teach at Andover?" To that a student who had just come from Professor Park's lecture-room at once replied: "Oh! at Andover they teach 'God so loved the world.'" The story does not relate what reply Doctor Hodge may have made. Faded indeed from our minds are those earnest theological discussions, but it would be a great loss if, even

in our larger liberty and teaching, we lose anything of the earnestness of conviction or the trained powers of systematic reasoning which were a distinctive and crowning virtue of the schools of theology in those days.

The old Andover is gone: its cloistered seclusion beneath its elms withdrawn from the world without, its days for quiet studies, its still hour for spiritual contemplation as one looked at eventime into the far, fading light of the western sky, its dim-lit rooms, where perchance in the quietness of the night there might come something of the mystic's spiritual vigils. Those who labored and taught there may now be forgotten, but are not their names written in the books of the kings of our New England Israel, how they taught and how they fought and entered into their rest?

The old Andover is gone. The modern world with its ever-pressing problems demands new men and new measures. Our schools of divinity for the preparation of the ministry, to be all things to all men for the gospel's sake, are to be found no more in the quiet shades of Andover Hill, but as schools of religion in the universities, set down often amid confusions and the problems of cities; but the spirit of the old Andover is not wholly lost; it may be transformed and re-embodied in the power of modern teaching and preaching of the Christ who would draw all men unto himself.

CHAPTER V

BEGINNINGS OF MINISTRY AND STUDIES ABROAD

MY life in the army has always seemed to me to have been one of the best years of my preparation for the ministry. Indispensable as had been the quietness of Andover Hill for studies of divinity, the great outlying humanity cannot remain as an unopened book of life before the preacher who would interpret Christ among men. In his preparation for the ministry, as well as throughout his pastoral experience, one needs to be thrown into repeated contacts with human nature in the raw. One must seek to know the real in men. There was no better school for the acquisition of such vital knowledge than the army in the field of action. Men from all classes and of all kinds were thrown into close contacts and comradeships there. And there came moments when one had to discover what was real in himself. On many a trying occasion, under fire or on an exhaustive service, one had to show what was in him. The war service also enabled one to discover how much latent good under overgrown habits of evil in many instances is to be found in men. For instance,

there was one man in my company whom, as a recruiting officer, I had bailed out of jail, and, with some encouraging words and oversight, set up as a soldier. Later on, when once I had been ordered to advance somewhat our picket-line, a movement which drew some scattering fire from the enemy, I noticed that whatever way I moved along our line to bring the men forward, he was immediately in front of me, shielding me from any sharpshooters' fire with his own body.

A similar illustration later on of the latent good-will in men under accumulated habits of evil was this. Among other recruits was one who was generally regarded as about the worst "bum" in Brunswick, an utterly worthless specimen of humanity. After he had been mustered in I looked after his pay for him, and observed the gradually straightening effect upon him of the daily drill. Some time afterward, when we had been sent on a forced march to tear up a stretch of the Weldon Railroad, we found ourselves rather short of rations on our start back toward camp. That man came to me in the evening and held up before me his last two hardtack, saying: "Take one of them." "No," I said, "you will need both for tomorrow's long march." "Lieutenant," he said, "take one, or I will throw both down into the mud and stamp on them." He made a good soldier, and with some satisfaction, after we were

mustered out, I saw him going to the polls to cast his ballot, perfectly sober and in his right mind.

Possibly it may have been some of these experiences in my army life with all kinds and conditions of men that influenced me in my first choice of the place and work at the beginning of my ministry. I thought it well to begin at the bottom, as I had in enlisting in the army. Declining some other more attractive openings, I accepted, immediately after my graduation from the Andover Theological Seminary, a call to take charge of a mission chapel of the then High Street Church of Providence, R.I. It was located in a growing part of the city, at a point where an industrial and tenement population were to be reached. It afforded an opportunity to search out families in tenements and to learn something, at first hand, of the life and habits of working people. I have never regretted that humbler but valuable beginning of my active ministry. I was ordained there. At the close of a year's service the pastorate of the High Street Church had become vacant. Some of the influential members of it desired me to remain and accept its pastorate; but the church had been left in a somewhat divided condition. It had before it the necessity of erecting a new building, and I felt that it would be unwise for me to assume such responsibility. I sent in my resignation, which at first the com-

mittee of the church wished me to withdraw, but I decided to ask again for its acceptance.

My action was due partly to my desire to go to Germany, to acquaint myself with a different type of theological thinking than I had been brought up under at home, and in quietness to review my whole religious faith before pursuing further my ministry. Theological learning seemed to me at that time to have come to a pause in America, and the doctrines as commonly taught in the churches (not, indeed, the faith) to have been for the time at least stalemated by the agnostic scientists, in a conflict between them which I felt was itself but an incident and by no means a finality either in the progress of religious thought or in the advance of evolutionary science.

Accordingly, I went to Berlin, and found myself shortly afterward attending the lectures of Professor Dorner, whom most of all, from what I had heard of his teaching, I desired to know. I regard my acquaintance with him and subsequent familiarity with his writings as epoch-making in my theological education. It ushered me into a broader, deeper, more thorough method and habit of thinking than the acute partisan disputations between Andover and Princeton or the then prevalent doctrinal teachings with which I had become familiar. Dorner's "History of Protestant Theology" opened a broader field of study, and at the same

time required a more searching method of inquiry than the acrobatic way of balancing one's faith in walking along some tight logical rope without falling into unbelief. I found old problems presenting themselves in new forms. Certain more constructive methods of theological thinking began at that time in this new environment to open before me. I have often thought that if Jonathan Edwards could have absorbed the learning of these scholars, and have subjected it to the mastery of his reasoning, and thought his way out through his own observations, he would have become for our time the great theologian, in whom knowledge and faith were met together and were at peace. His, surely, would have been no dogmatist's ambition to speak the last word of New England theology.

Professor Dorner's teaching, however was not all that I had desired to place myself under in Germany. I had heard of Julius Müller and his somewhat unique but profound views, and likewise of Professor Tholuck and his evangelistic influence in recovering the faith of students. So after a while, somewhat I fear to the disappointment of Professor Dorner, who had received me with much kindness and hospitality, I went to Halle. Julius Müller was then retiring from active teaching, but I had the pleasure of meeting him and acquainting myself more thoroughly with his discussions.

The memory of Tholuck is like a benediction. He was one of the most learned, acutely critical, comprehensively informed, and at the same time the simplest and most spiritual of the evangelical teachers and preachers in Germany. To those students who came under his personal influence he gave himself freely, fully, with a child-like simplicity in his impartation of his learning such as I have hardly known in any one else. In his preaching he was the simple evangelist, but his was the simplicity of wisdom, and when he preached the students flocked to hear him. In his personal conversations with students whom he took under his special guidance, he was the keen questioner and a most stimulating conversationalist. He would be sure to send one back to his studies with a fresh eagerness in the pursuit of truth. And his humility was deep as his faith was high and his knowledge comprehensive. It was a favorite habit of his to ask some student to take his customary walk with him, and suddenly, in the midst perhaps of ordinary conversation, to surprise him with some difficult philosophical or other question. Afterward the student could guess at the professor's estimate of his reply by whether or not he soon received another invitation to walk with him. I think that this was perhaps a deliberate method of his in picking out men to whom he might devote himself, and whom he might train for the future work of evangelical

thought and life for Germany. There were many anecdotes of such questionings in these walks with Tholuck. Once, I was told, he suddenly stopped, as was his wont, and threw this question out at the student walking with him: "Why did not the Almighty strike the devil dead?" The youth immediately replied: "Because, I suppose, he wanted to see how the creature would develop."

Tholuck took always a special interest in the American students who came to Halle. I had letters of introduction to him, and it was not long before an invitation for the afternoon walk came to me. I had been told what I might expect, and was somewhat apprehensive about the result. He made a few innocent inquiries about my studies. Incidentally I had mentioned Schleiermacher. Suddenly he quoted a long sentence of Schleiermacher and asked me what I thought of his definition of the Absolute. Fortunately I had read that sentence just before —without much understanding I believed—but I knew the necessity of rapid fire. At once I gave him some attempted interpretation of it, I do not remember what, but it seemed to satisfy him. After that I had several walks with him, without any more attempts of his to expose my ignorance, but with the profusion of his knowledge of books and his wisdom always open to my questioning. A Christmas eve in his study, where he had gathered the little company of

us American students, remains to this day one of the happiest recollections of a lifetime. Never before or since have I so felt the simplicity of true wisdom. He spoke so simply that a little child might have understood every word he said, and yet we knew and felt that behind it all was the knowledge of a great scholar. And the unconscious humility of it! He was talking to us students, and yet he spake as a little child. So I think Jesus must often have taught his disciples. Tholuck said to us then: "I have but one passion; it is Christ, only Christ!" He gave to each of us some simple Christmas gift, and then sent us away with his blessing.

Another picture of Tholuck I recall, as it afforded me at the time a mischievous pleasure. I had fortunately found a lodging-place in the home of the widow of a former professor, whose husband had been a learned scholar, and she gave me for my room his study filled with his large collection of books. Roaming around his book-shelves I had discovered a pamphlet containing an address by Leander, the great church historian, in the year 1850, in which he had reviewed the history of the first half of the century and then turned and spoke of the problems to be met in the coming fifty years and of the virtues coming from love. Leander had said we shall need in the coming half-century wisdom and courage. Tholuck was an omnivorous collector of books, and I took it for granted that

nothing coming from Leander could ever have escaped him; but one day I happened to mention my interest in reading this, and I discerned from his inquiries that it was something that he had entirely overlooked. He made no allusion to it again, but I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had caught him in something that he did not know. I have no doubt that he looked that up afterward.

To Professor Tholuck I owe my introduction to a line of study which was then entirely new to me, but which became afterward one of increasing interest and profitableness. He asked me if I had ever studied Biblical theology. I supposed I had. But he commended to me a recent book by one of his colleagues, Professor Reyschlag, on "The Biblical Theology of the New Testament," and lo! a new way of Biblical study opened at once before me. No hint of it had been given us in the proof-text methods of the systematic theology of Professor Park that I can remember. The teachings of the several books and sources of the New Testament especially had never in that critical way been separated and individualized. To the New England teacher a proof-text from one book of the Bible was as good as another, or better possibly, as it may have sustained the professor's particular point. But there was, I found, a critical method of studying each book of the Bible independently, each as the work of its

own author or compilers, as well as comparing likewise their several points of view in relation to others. It was not long, however, after my return from Germany that the question between the old and the new method of Biblical study and interpretation became a subject of controversy at home, alarmists raising an outcry against scholars who were bringing over strange doctrines from Germany. I may mention in this connection that it was in Berlin that I met for the first time Professor Briggs, who was pursuing his Biblical studies there in preparation for his subsequent teaching at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

The break was then made for me from the habit of sweeping all over the Scriptures for proof-texts, sometimes merely having some verbal pertinence with little or no regard to their historical relations or interpretations as related by several individual authors, or the conditions of their times. On the other hand, I was introduced into the better way in which the Scriptures, like other historical writings, are now generally studied and interpreted.

At that time the German scholars were the pioneers in what has now become generally recognized as Biblical criticism. Then the guide-posts along the lines and at the frequently perplexing crossroads of those inquiries were marked by German signs. Indeed, Biblical criticism made in Germany was not welcomed in

our home theological markets, and the few teachers who had studied in Germany and imported some of these novelties made over there were looked upon with suspicion and sometimes treated with much dogmatic hostility in ecclesiastical circles here. The German scholarship, it is true, needed to be searched and sifted by the more sober and conservative methods of English and American thinking, its theoretical chaff sifted from its wheat. Nevertheless, one had to read untranslated German writings for a considerable period in the latter part of the last century if he would avail himself of the stores of research which German industrious scholarship had gathered and receive from them needed material for more tenable interpretations of the Biblical literature and greater assurance of his faith. Accordingly, I find that for a considerable period after my return from my student life abroad the theological books and commentaries on my shelves were almost entirely in German, with now and then a valuable English book. Later on English and American critical scholars became better critics and guides than the Germans, who were too prone to be led on, each in his own way, after his own theory. No one needs now to go to Germany at all to discern the best that is known and written in modern Biblical scholarship, and much of the winnowed results of these critical studies of the different Scriptures

has been well popularized and brought within the reach of intelligent Sunday-school teachers.

One happy result of this half-century of Biblical research and criticism is witnessed in the fact that many of the disputations between sceptics and believers in country stores, such as about Jonah and the whale, have ceased to be heard. But God's ways of revelation through history were not at first recognized by many, and at church councils ministers who were coming under the influence of the so-called Biblical criticism had to stand a rapid fire of hostile questions from those who still moved in the worn ways of Biblical exegesis. The proof-text theology still held the ecclesiastical fort in New England. The historical methods, however, gradually became better understood, and many soon discovered in their application of them new treasures, especially in the Old Testament. It may serve as an indication of the general interest which was then taken in these topics that the editor of *The Century* asked me to contribute an article upon them, which I was glad to do, and which was printed in that magazine under the title, "The New Old Testament." I doubt if an article on such a theme would find ready acceptance in any popular magazine at the present time. The religious questions of one day are quickly superseded by other problems which confront the church in a following day.

One of the best answers in a nutshell to the

controversial perplexities of that time was given by a colored preacher at a council for his ordination. The ecclesiastical atmosphere was surcharged with the question of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the council was expecting at any moment to have it break out. After the candidate had finished his statement of faith, one of the older and more conservative members was not slow in seizing the opportunity to put him under questioning. He said: "I did not hear him say anything about the Holy Scriptures. I would like to know what he believes concerning the inspiration of God's Holy Word." Immediately the colored brother replied: "I think, sir, it is sufficiently inspired for all practical purposes." The effect was instantaneous. The council burst into laughter, the questioner fell back into his seat, and nothing further was said.

After my return from abroad I accepted a call to the First Church in Bangor, Maine, where I entered with fresh enthusiasm upon its pastorate. There I was married to one of my parishioners—the happiest event in that early pastorate and for all my days since. Few of the friends and acquaintances of those early days now survive, but recollections of much personal appreciation and kindness which I received there have remained through the years. I resigned the pastorate after seven years of service, although an ecclesiastical council appre-

ciatively advised its continuance. I felt that some amalgamation of two churches in the immediate vicinity might possibly be effected, and the room for expansion did not seem to me all that I wished.

After a few months of waiting I finally decided, between some conflicting opportunities, to accept a call to the First Presbyterian Church in Quincy, Ill. I was guided to that choice partly because, having lived all my life thus far in the East, I thought that some experience of life farther west, and in comparatively new conditions, might prove a profitable change. I have never regretted that decision. One born and bred in the East may return from a period of life in the West enriched for work amid his old associations.

I improved the period of comparative leisure between these two settlements in preparing for the press the first-fruits of my studies. I had the opportunity to write continuously, without the interruption of daily pastoral duties, my first book, "The Religious Feeling." My wife found time amid her household cares and social duties in the first months of our settlement in Quincy to write out from my manuscript a fair copy for the printers, and I still recall the almost boyish delight with which I brought to her the first copy that came to me from the press. Had it not been for her unceasing sympathy and self-sacrificing care in relieving me

from hindrances in my work, I never could have written the books which I have published.

I did not know at the time that I owed the acceptance of my manuscript and its publication by the Scribners to Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale, who had read for them the manuscript and strongly commended it to them for publication. Through the later years of my acquaintance with Professor Fisher in New Haven, in conversations and in frequent interviews with him in his study, where he was always ready to give from the rich stores of his memory and the ripe wisdom of his counsels, I have had further occasion to feel deep personal indebtedness to him.

At the beginning of my ministry in Quincy the church was worshipping in an old building in the business part of the city. It had the task before it of building a new edifice which we greatly needed, and in a better situation. We had just brought it to its completion at a large expense when, on the Saturday night before we were to hold our farewell Sunday service in the old building, and on the following Sunday to dedicate the new, a destructive fire, from some unknown cause, wrapped the finished edifice in flames and left nothing but the stone walls standing. We gathered, a sorrowful congregation, the next day—the work of our hands had vanished. We who were to meet that Sabbath with songs of thanksgiving, gathered to mourn.

I rose in the pulpit and preached a sermon on the church's resurrection. It was an appeal to a stricken congregation who had already given largely and freely to dedicate themselves anew and at once to the work of rebuilding. Nobly did that congregation respond. The day had hardly passed before the movement for reconstruction had begun. I may mention with gratification that one of the first contributions for rebuilding that came on Monday morning was from a Jew. The inspection of the walls, which fortunately proved to be for the most part sound, was begun as soon as the ruins were cool enough to permit; the rebuilding was pressed as fast as possible, and in due season we saw our work again completed, and we dedicated the twice-built church without a debt.

The desire to give to my congregation in Quincy some helpful acquaintance with the newer method of studying the books of the Old Testament as one might other historical writings, thus bringing out new meanings from many passages as well as relieving many difficulties, led me to preach a series of sermons which was afterward revised and published in book form, entitled "Old Faiths in New Light." Since that book was published Biblical and historical researches and criticism have made great advances, and consequently that earlier book would need to be largely rewritten in its details at least to bring it up to date. But, though in advance of

its times when published, in its reconstructive principles and methods of approach time has shown it to be, I think, thoroughly right. It was, I suppose, just because of the timeliness of its appearance that it received an extensive and grateful welcome from many quarters, especially from younger men who were in a position of mental uncertainty and doubt concerning their religious beliefs. My experiences and studies, while in Germany, which I have just described, had put me just far enough ahead to enable me to reach out a helping hand to them, and many letters which I had from them in grateful acknowledgment of the help which they received from that book have been to me among the most grateful rewards of the ministry. All the more so because some of those whom I had thus far been able to help have themselves in their own Biblical criticism become now my teachers, whom I have followed and looked up to for new knowledge and light.

This book received, of course, consiaerable deprecatory criticism from those who held fast to the faith once delivered to them of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. But they made no effort to disturb me, or to cite me for trial. On the contrary, Professor Patton, who had just been engaged in a heated controversy with a renowned liberal preacher of Chicago—wrote an article in the Presbyterian organ, *The Interior*, in which he took the ground that writing

as an apologist I was justified in advancing such views, although as a dogmatic teacher it might be otherwise. And when some time later I returned to my Congregational inheritance, the good-natured editor of *The Interior* wrote for me a pleasing commendatory farewell, concluding by observing that he was glad I was gone, as his arm was tired keeping the Philistines off from me.

I recall also with some amusement a call which I made about that time on Professor Briggs, who had then become the professor of Hebrew in the Presbyterian Union Seminary. I was talking over with him the possible reception among our ministers and clergy of the more intelligent, scholarly views of the Bible. He cautioned me then as a young man not to publish anything at that time prematurely, but to wait until he and Professor Hitchcock could prepare the church for it. He pointed to an array of earlier books on his shelves, most of them from Presbyterian sources, in which larger views of Biblical inspiration were indicated. "There," he said, "is my arsenal." It was, however, only a few months afterward that he appeared on the theological tournament field, clad in full armor, ready to meet any antagonist who might challenge him. I was then quite content to remain an onlooker.

Professor Briggs, as I knew and frequently met him afterward, had, as it seemed to me, a delightful unconsciousness of how his most

peaceable intentions were admirably adapted to arouse the most hostile antagonisms. "There is Professor Briggs," so said Professor Fisher of Yale once to me, "he loves church unity so much that he is willing at any moment to fight for it." Professor Briggs had no hesitancy as to reordination. He once said to me that he would be willing to receive as many ordinations as there were churches to give them to him. While he had always the courage of his scholarly convictions, he was at heart humble and a man of peace. His published writings bear witness to his broad and thorough scholarship, and I find it frequently convenient to refer to them.

During my pastorate in Quincy Professor Patton, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Chicago, invited me to give a lecture to his students, and I had taken for my subject "The Mission of the Peacemaker in Modern Thought." Some time afterward I had occasion to appreciate the saying of the wise man: "Behold, how great a fire a little matter kindleth." For so it came to pass that a passage in an extempore sermon, which was taken down in shorthand by a friendly reporter and afterward printed in a small volume of sermons, served as the spark that kindled the Andover controversy. It happened in this way. A club of unbelievers, with whom I had had some friendly acquaintance, offered to attend my

evening service if I would take up and discuss some of the beliefs of the church. So challenged, I took pleasure, of course, in accepting their offer, and they came in a body to church as they had promised. My aim naturally was not dogmatic, but a task of so-called Christian apologetics was laid upon me. These discourses, so prepared and delivered, were subsequently reprinted, with only a few verbal changes, in a volume called "The Orthodox Theology of To-day."

CHAPTER VI

THE ANDOVER CONTROVERSY AND ITS RESULTS

SHORTLY after the publication of my "Orthodox Theology of To-day," I received, without any premonition, an invitation to the chair of systematic theology in Andover Theological Seminary. The thought of such a thing had never entered my head. Still less could I have anticipated that a single passage in one of those sermons, which was thrown out as a possible relief from the overshadowing moral difficulties of the doctrine of everlasting punishment, would be made an occasion for an outbreak of theological controversy. Indeed, in my sermon to those inquiring unbelievers I had passed over that point with a mere suggestion of a possible answer to it, which we may know hereafter. My own chief interest in those discourses related to a much broader as well as prior and much more fundamental belief than the possible duration of the punishment of sin; first I would know what may be the divine power to forgive sin. It was that which Christ claimed as the power of God. Are there any limits to it, here and now, or in the long years of some future life? This was

to me the heart of my preaching to that group of unbelievers. The topic of my third chapter was "Forgiveness and Suffering." I had sought to conserve what was true in the older sacrificial views of the atonement in what seemed to me the deepest as well as simplest, most human truth of all—the necessity of suffering in the very act and victory of the forgiveness of sin. That became in my mind the thought of the divine satisfaction and peace of the Christ, the forgiveness of the sin of the world which crucified him. Nowadays the very words which were formerly familiarly used in our pulpits, characterizing diverse views of the atonement, would carry little or no meaning to the people in general. But the sacrificial reality of the love of God in the Christ upon the cross has not been lost, the simplest and divinest truth in all our doctrines of the Cross is conserved in the devoted and often sacrificial service of many of the younger people throughout our churches. From such service, joyous as it often is sacrificial, we theologians may yet learn how better to restate and purify our doctrines of the atonement.

It was only incidentally that, in considering the difficulties presented in current views of retribution, I urged the limitations of our knowledge of the ways of God hereafter in a chapter on "Imperfect Theories of the Future Life." I had sought to find out what parts of the Bibli-

cal teachings of the future life are left in obscurity, purposely so left it may be, in the shadows of revelation. Among these I had mentioned three elements which the Bible leaves in the dusk, and there it is best for us to leave them. As one of these I referred to an obscure passage relating to a possible intermediate life, and our ignorance concerning what may occur between death and the last judgment. I had, however, suggested that the Scriptures left open unknown possibilities of the divine grace after death, and from the dogmatism of our logic of the letter of Scripture I had claimed the human right to take refuge in the silence of God's word —to find some comfort and hope in the merciful obscurities of revelation. Many letters from readers who had received help in confirming their faith from these suggestions showed that there was need of some such attempt to set forth the beliefs of the church in adaptation to the wants of to-day.

For several years the inevitable conflict between the old theology and the coming new theology had been foreshadowed. The differences, at bottom, were not really so divisive as to many champions of the old they seemed to be. The old Edwardsian theology had already been considerably made over in the lectures of Professor Park at Andover, although in his new interpretation of Edwards he had labored with his usual logical acumen to show

that he was a true interpreter of Edwards. Indeed, in my notes of his lectures to our class concerning the last things, I find that at the close of a series of objections to the doctrine of future punishment he himself had made the suggestion that God might have methods of dealing with sinners unknown to us! The real Andover issue, underlying all this was not that; it was between the finality of the prevalent orthodoxy and the liberty to be granted to the new theology. But the time had not fully come for that issue to be brought to a point of decision. Doctor Alden, the then secretary of the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions, an able as well as hearty believer in the doctrine that this life is the only time of probation for a sinner to become converted and to come to Christ (or at least the only time that we have any scriptural authority to think about) had come to cherish this orthodoxy as an indispensable condition to the continuance of the work of foreign missions, to which for years he had been devoted. It happened by some inscrutable providence that he had fallen in with a copy of my book, and it was enough to cause him to take up arms. He sounded forthwith the note of alarm. He consulted, I am credibly informed, with Professor Park and with Doctor Dexter, then editor of *The Congregationalist*, with the result that in a following issue that journal, which had theretofore

showed no disposition to interfere, came out in an editorial objecting to the confirmation by the visitors of my election by the trustees.

The controversy so begun upon seemingly so slight occasion, soon ceased to be one of merely personal or local importance. It spread rapidly throughout the Congregational churches, and involved in animated controversy the conduct and administration of our whole foreign-missionary work. The prolongation and final issues of it, so far as Andover Seminary was concerned, have been so well told in President Tucker's admirable volume, "My Generation," that it is needless for me to write at any length of my own reminiscences of it. My own inclination would have led me to end the controversy, so far as I was concerned, as soon as it was begun, by declining the position which had been offered me. My interests and special studies had been along the lines of Christian apologetics rather than of systematic theology, and my instinctive desire, confirmed by my army life, was to think out my own faith among men in the world of human interests and affairs rather than in the comparative seclusion of academic studies. But as a banner of the advancing theology had been, unsought, placed in my hand, such a refusal to stand, at least for a while, could not be considered.

There is no better witness than President Tucker to narrate, as with full knowledge and

fairness he has done, the ensuing conflict between the two boards of Andover Seminary. While this continued I felt obliged to stand. Several efforts came to me from the trustees to induce me to accept offers of other positions in the seminary which they felt they could maintain. As I read over the urgent letters and telegrams which came to me in those days of silent waiting on my part, I wonder how I finally could have withstood the appeal that they made, and certainly no one ever had more reason for gratitude to his friends than they had laid me under. But, wisely or unwisely, I followed what seemed to me to be my own star, and eventually declined the final offer which they brought before me to create a new chair at Andover of Christian apologetics, which would be so endowed as to be independent of any power of the visitors of control over the appointment of its occupant. It certainly was an attractive offer, as my course of reading and study had led me strongly in that direction. It was difficult indeed for me, in declining to take such a position of leadership, to disappoint friends in whose judgment I had every reason to confide, and who had stood by my positions with so unwavering fidelity. I knew what they desired to make of the Andover of the coming day, as they had been faithful to the Andover of the past. I questioned, however, whether some legal difficulties

might not have to be met and settled before a sufficiently independent position could be secured, such as was particularly desirable in a chair of apologetics fitted to meet the questions of the coming days.

It was certainly a critical decision in my own career, but, like other important decisions that I have had to make in my life, I simply discovered in time that I had come to them and found at length my mind had just been made up. I never could tell, for instance, when I decided to enter the army—it was not hastily, but one day I found that of course I was to enlist, which I did. I have come to have much faith in what might be called subconscious decisions, the decisions which one seems eventually to follow rather than to make.

The situation was relieved by occasional humorous incidents. On a visit to Professor Tucker during this period, he took down from his book-shelves a copy of my book which his dog accidentally had discovered and vigorously chewed up, which Professor Tucker said he should keep as a relic.

After my declination of the Andover professorship the conflict between the visitors and the trustees continued. It involved the liberty of the professors to teach in accordance with their interpretations under the Andover Creed. The issue thus joined went up on legal grounds to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. A suit

was instituted by the visitors against the Andover professors, who had been sustained by the trustees. It was a critical point in the history of the liberty of theological teaching in New England. An adverse decision would have put the Andover School of Theology hopelessly under the rule of the dead man's hand. It was a happy moment for the upholders of liberty of religious thought at Andover when finally the decision of the court in their favor was rendered. Although resting mainly on the questions which had arisen between the action of the visitors and the legal rights of the trustees, it left the professors in full possession of their chairs. (The full printed reports of the briefs and arguments are preserved in the libraries of Andover Seminary, now at Harvard.) Professor Egbert C. Smyth's answer to the charges aimed especially against him surprised the opposition, as he boldly maintained his right not merely to interpret the creed according to the literal understanding of words as they were used to define different theological views at the time, but according to their spirit and intent as historically interpreted, and as the writers of the creed might be held to interpret them in their adaptations to the theological questions of the day. These writers were progressive theologians in their time. The higher obligation of their successors is one of the spirit and the life. Ancient creeds are not halting-places, but marks

and signs along the way of the leading of the Spirit of truth from age to age. Shortly after this decision of liberation of Andover from the dead man's hand, by a change in the Board of Visitors, further prosecution of the issues with the trustees was dropped.

THE CONFLICT FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

It is an interesting fact of history that great movements have often had their origins in humble sources. The names of those who first caused them may have been soon forgotten. It was so with the antislavery agitation. A few agitators here and there—a little fire kindled—and behold a national conflagration. So, likewise, has it been in religious history. That saying of Carlyle's is true: "The hands of many brave forgotten have made it a world for us."

The Andover trustees had little thought that they were throwing a spark into Congregationalism throughout the land when they were simply filling a vacant chair of theology at Andover. But an agitation followed which could not be settled until it was carried up beyond Andover to the platform of the American Board, and made at least a determinative policy of its missionary work throughout the whole world.

The same influential persons who had stirred up the Andover matter dominated the Pruden-

tial Committee of the American Board. They began to question and to hold back from the foreign-missionary work of the Congregational churches young men who seemed to be at all infected with the new theology. Dogmatic tests were rigorously applied to candidates desirous of entering the missionary work by Doctor Alden, the secretary of the board. Over the door of his office for all such candidates might have been written: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It was urged that to preach any future probation for the heathen who had not heard of Christ in this world, would "cut the nerve of missions." The American Board thus set itself above the churches, as well as the seminaries, as the final judge of orthodoxy.

An initial test of the position which the churches might hold occurred in my installation by a broadly representative council of the Congregational churches as pastor of the Center Church of New Haven. That church had purposely called a much larger council than those ordinarily invoked from the churches of the immediate vicinage, desiring to make it more broadly representative. For several hours after I had submitted a statement of my beliefs I was subjected to a rapid fire of questions, and over my answers a free exchange of views was kept up for several hours by members of the council. Then at length the council withdrew, as is customary, to render a decision.

Although some of my friends had been apprehensive of the result, I had not for a moment entertained any doubt of the ultimate issue, for I felt that in so far as I was a liberal theologian I was thereby in reality a conservator of the faith and that only in advancing full abreast of increasing knowledge and in teachableness of the Spirit could our religious inheritance be saved and our preaching bear fruit in its season. The action of the council justified this trust in the Congregational ministry. With practical unanimity the council proceeded to my installation. Succeeding councils, as notably one somewhat later of Doctor Gordon in the Old South Church in Boston, and afterward of Doctor Munger in New Haven, established further precedents which were followed in other instances. Nevertheless the domination of Secretary Alden and those associated with him in the control of the American Board, and their refusal to send as missionaries to the heathen young men who were at all infected with what they deemed to be these obnoxious views, transferred the whole question to the platform of the American Board.

The issue thus joined was twofold, one primarily doctrinal—the extent to which theological freedom should be allowed on the foreign-mission field; and the other ecclesiastical—the question whether executive officers of the board, or the ecclesiastical councils of the churches,

were to be accepted as the final judges of ministerial orthodoxy.

This larger importance of the controversy, which, from such beginning, had spread until it involved our entire denominational body, was precipitated by the refusal of the board to appoint as missionaries several younger men whom they deemed not sufficiently orthodox in their theological views and tendencies. Over such cases the issue was first joined at the meeting of the American Board in Des Moines. The cases of students both from Andover and Yale were to come up for consideration there. Most corporate members of the board, as well as the majority of its Prudential Committee were known to be thoroughly conservative in their views. Besides that, the issue thus raised involved the larger interest of a more dominant educational policy, as distinct from evangelical efforts, or at least the larger development of the educational side of evangelistic missionary work. There were not wanting, however, some members of the board who were in sympathy with the new movement, and there were others not too conservative to be opposed to reasonable adjustments of old faiths to new conditions of life and thought. A few of us went out to Des Moines to make at least our protest against the assumption of theological authority by the Prudential Committee, and their refusal to permit some of our choicest young men to carry

the water of life to the heathen, although our churches were willing to receive them at home.

I well remember how, on the morning of the day when this matter was to be opened for discussion, a few of us, about twenty in all, without previous consultation with one another, met informally and quite accidentally in a room in a hotel to consider the situation before us. We had no time for anything but an interchange of friendly greetings and an expression of our willingness to take the platform, as opportunity might be given us, and to make, each one of us according to his individual judgment, an expression of his views. So we went to the hall of the meeting, and then what afterward was fittingly characterized as the "great debate" began. The report of the Prudential Committee was read and their action defended, and the door of utterance was opened. On their side there was no lack of defenders of the faith. One after another, as we could gain recognition, we made our appeal for larger liberty of faith and for trust in the men from our churches who wished to devote themselves to missionary work. At first the audience received us with little manifestation of approval. Indeed, they appeared rather to be against us. But through the long debate the atmosphere seemed to be changing, the large congregation warmed toward us, and we felt that with the people below the platform at least we had won the day. When the vote

came we were in a minority, as we had expected; but the final resolutions were somewhat indecisive. It was a drawn battle, and the issue remained for further discussion and final determination. We felt that we had at least opened a door which henceforth no man could shut. One of the keenest as well as broadest-minded representatives of the conservatives assured us after the indecisive action, which he had aided in securing, that he foresaw that we had won our case. And so, after two more meetings of the board, it turned out to be.

This history is well worth while to record, for it is part of the whole movement through which at the present time our younger ministry have gained that large liberty of prophecy which they may now take for granted. Not without cost has this freedom of faith been won for the generation to come by the generation of which I am one of the last lingering survivors. It is also well worthy of record that quite exceptionally, almost alone in the history of theological discussions, this controversy, which at one time threatened to split our entire Congregational body, was fought to a finish, and has itself passed by and been well-nigh forgotten even within the lifetime of the generation in which it arose. Indeed, not a few of those who were most opposed to one another during that period were quite willing to forget

any divisive memories of their earlier contention, and have been closely associated with one another in carrying forward at home and abroad all the good works of the churches.

One reason for this reconciliation, besides others, it should be justly said, was to be found in the calm self-restraint and patient endurance of those who at the time suffered most from the mistrust and oppositions which they experienced; and above all in the spirit of self-effacement, of serenity and humility in the advocacy for others of what it was sought to deny to him, as well as of unfaltering courage and wisdom in leadership, of my brother, Professor Egbert C. Smyth. Even in the familiarity of his household I had never heard him speak for himself one word of complaint or resentment amid misrepresentations and reproaches. Rightly did his pupils in those days speak of him as Saint John. He was rejected during the controversy for re-election on the Board of Foreign Missions, to which he had assiduously given years of service and to which he continued, nevertheless, to give in all possible ways his devotion; but he lived long enough before his translation to see the liberty of interpretation acknowledged by the churches for his pupils who were trained in that historical knowledge and catholicity in which he himself saw the revealing of the Spirit of truth. His life's work needs no other crown of glory.

The particular question concerning the possibility of some future probation about which this whole controversy at first centred, has now passed entirely away from present theological consideration. Indeed, the very word probation, whether in this world or another, which once was one of the most familiar phrases current in evangelical circles, is rarely if ever heard now in evangelical preaching. Other questions, other conceptions of life, other words are brought over into our theological schools from critical researches and from the sciences now in fashion.

At the time when this controversy was raging, the particular point at issue was, in my own thinking, one of disappearing importance. My reading was along other lines. While it was supposed by some others to have been my daily theological meat and drink, something about which my preaching was supposed to be mainly concerned, I had not cared to mention it from my pulpit. I had not only the social, industrial, and civic problems around me in the city, which I felt must be met by a more thorough presentation of social salvation, but also in my congregation I had students of divinity, as well as others whose inherited faith was often perplexed by the agnostic doubts and other perplexities of increasing knowledge. Divinity students coming to Yale in comparative ignorance of these disturbing opinions, having to meet a

whole tide of them suddenly, would sometimes feel carried away from their moorings, and would occasionally come to me for counsel, sometimes doubting whether in this state of dubiety they ought, in mental honesty, to continue their preparation for the ministry. Some such I used to see frequently among my hearers. So, while I did my part in the continued effort to obtain a reasonable liberty of faith in the American Board, and especially in securing the return of Mr. Robert Hume to his life-work in India, I had not cared to dwell in my pulpit on the subject which had kindled so great a theological fire. Indeed, I was both amused and gratified when one day one of my parishioners said to me, near the time when this missionary controversy was at its height: "We hear a good deal said now about future probations, but I have never heard our pastor express his views on the subject; I wish you would preach to us a sermon on it." I did preach, as I find in looking over my papers, one sermon after the meeting of the American Board in Springfield, in which I contended urgently for the same liberty for our missionaries which we had for our ministers at home.

CHAPTER VII

WORK IN NEW HAVEN

MY life in New Haven soon became crowded with activities. There were the studies which at Andover might have been pursued with leisurely thoroughness, and which I could suffer no other pressing duties to compel me entirely to give up. The facilities of the Yale libraries and laboratories opened to me fresh and ever tempting opportunities to pursue them, and I cherished every hour of intervening leisure to turn aside to my books. It is worth while observing that a desired course of reading or the pursuit of scientific knowledge, if steadily continued, it may be only between times in an active life, may in the end be found to have given one hardly hoped for acquisitions. Indeed, I should advise any clergyman, for the sake of his own intellectual growth and as a preventive from falling into professional one-sidedness, to have some one intellectual pursuit, entirely disconnected from his clerical duties or necessary preparations of his sermons, some intellectual hobby to which at any moment of leisure he may turn. Much reading may be done even while waiting for others to call. While often longing for more leisure for

uninterrupted study or continuous writing, I have never regretted the decision which led me, from my graduation from the school of life and death in the army, to continue my reading and my thinking in daily contact with the lives of people, in touch with real life, as a minister of a church is perforce compelled to do, rather than in the more favorable seclusion of a professor's study.

One is in peril intellectually and humanly if he falls prey to a single hobby; if he has been so fortunate as to have two hobbies, the one may save him from the peril of absorption in the other. If he has three, he may be safer still. Of course he may scatter too much and accomplish little in any direction. But there is rest and freshening of spirit for any man to find in some intellectual exercise to which he may turn from the pressure and weariness of his necessary occupations.

Sometimes, indeed, during my pastorate in New Haven, I felt that I was trying overmuch to do the work of three men, and doing none as I could wish; yet as I look back I do not regret the necessity that seemed thus laid upon me, however much more in one direction or another might otherwise have been accomplished. One's life in the retrospect becomes rich in memories coming up from all sides if, while it was being lived, it has been permitted to keep in touch with other lives and interests,

to feel the large human life all around in which we may have our little personal part.

There were three main directions in which during my entire pastorate I found myself pulled, not to say at times almost distracted. The first two, for every settled clergyman, are his never-ceasing pastoral cares and his pulpit. The third, closely related to these, yet widening beyond the limits of one's own parish, was my interest in social conditions and civic and public affairs. That was an inherited one; it was part and substance of my birthright. My father was a college professor, but he was also a patriotic citizen, a tireless and undaunted advocate of movements for the improvement of his town, an antislavery pioneer and the builder of better schools for the people of the State. One brought up in such an atmosphere, and revering so noble an example, could not be constrained even by the pressing claims of a parish to confine himself within his own sheepfold and to feel no call of public responsibilities. The good citizen is not merely a citizen who is content to regard himself as good.

My reminiscences must alternate, accordingly, between these three distinctive aspects of my life, as each contributed to the other, or indeed as the one may have been occasion of the defects of the other, but as they were certainly intertwined and never held leisurely apart in the evolution of my faith and my life.

When I entered upon my ministry the preaching then prevalent was largely addressed to the individual and his personal relations to God. Emphasis, indeed, was laid upon his duties to his fellow men, and the churches generally were abounding in charities and interested in all missionary efforts at home and abroad. But there had been no specific attention given in our theological seminaries to what is now everywhere emphasized as the sociological preparation of the ministry of the church in this world. So far as I am aware, Professor Tucker was one of the first to introduce as an essential part of his lectures on homiletics a course of practical instruction in Christian sociology. But the times were ripe for a new advance, both in doctrine and in practice, in this direction.

The writings of Frederic Dennison Maurice and my access to the writings of the earlier German socialists, especially the views of the so-called Christian socialists, led me to the early conviction that a larger social work was opening before the church, and that the ministry were called to a wider service and put under new responsibilities for the social redemption of the world.

Under such influences I had added, in 1892, a chapter on "Social Immortality" to the new edition of my book on "The Orthodox Theology of To-day." One of my earlier sermons in Center Church was on the gospel of all things

to all men. I found in my earlier ministry in New Haven that, while my church abounded in all local charities, and many an individual citizen stood for all good causes, there was little co-operative work for social welfare, and it was difficult to obtain united public sentiment and support in any effort for reform or in effective protests against civic evils. Labor questions, likewise, were then beginning to be agitated, of which the churches seemed to be singularly unconscious. It so happened that early in my pastorate I had found opportunity to make the acquaintance of a number of men outside our parish circles who would not have been generally numbered among the so-called good citizens or, some of them, regarded as desirable personal acquaintances. There were for several years small groups among them who were reading Karl Marx's book on "Capital and Labor"—that delicate discussion of the theories of capital and the distribution of profits which the radical socialism of that day looked onward to as forecasting the coming revolution. Accordingly it became necessary for me, as a part of my continued education as a prophet, so to speak, of Christianity, to go through that book and others, some of them not accessible except in German, in an effort to understand better the tendencies and ideas then beginning to ferment in the industrial world. One thing led to another, and ere long

I found myself in personal acquaintance with several of the leaders in these matters outside our circles of church acquaintance. A trades-union had come into existence at that time in New Haven, and I had received an invitation to address its members in their council-hall. The conditions of the address granted me full liberty to say anything I pleased, but with the further eminently fair condition that afterward the lecturer should listen and answer questions for as long a time as he himself had taken in his lecture. I was glad to accept such an invitation and we had, mutually I think, a free and interesting time of it. Subsequently, as a result, I posted on the door of their lecture-room a notice that I proposed to take up in three discourses from the pulpit of Center Church the issues under discussion, and I extended to them an invitation to be present. To this they responded, and they came in full force to hear what the editor of a small, somewhat anarchistic paper in New Haven said would be the dying swan-song of the pastor of Center Church. I had not, indeed, deemed it altogether expedient to consult beforehand my parishioners about my intentions. I felt that it was my own responsibility in which I should not involve my friends; but the feeling in those outside circles concerning the church was shown in the expectation that even the introduction of such topics in the pulpit might have disastrous effects

on the pastor. I knew, however, the historic spirit of Center Church, and I was not mistaken in trusting to them after the event, however I might have deemed it expedient not to ask some of them for advice beforehand.

The industrial questions which then were most in discussion in such quarters were quite different from the labor agitations which have since become general. They circled then mainly around the question, What should be a fair distribution of profits? Indeed, in those days, the discussions seemed more abstract, involving more economical theories, than they have since become in the conflicts between labor-unions and capitalists. One of the older members of my church, who had large capital interests and who cherished the old ways, a good friend of mine, had shaken his head ominously when he first learned of the unheard-of invitation which I ventured to give, and he had listened doubtfully, I imagine, at first. Afterward, when he glanced up at the galleries filled with working people, and the whole congregation joined in singing "America" (not my swan-song), he was touched by it, and owned that it was a good thing. These discourses were subsequently printed at the request of a committee of Center Church, and they formed afterward the basis of a chapter on "Social Ethics" in my volume on "Christian Ethics."

My interest in public matters had not been

lost from the time of my childhood, when we boys used to attend the town meetings at Brunswick, and witnessed the usual commotion started between the Bourbons, as we used to call those—mostly sea-captains—who had been profitably engaged in West Indies trade in rum and molasses, who were against spending any town money that could possibly be avoided for schools and village improvements, and, on the other side, the more progressive citizens. Such town meetings have now generally ceased to be the means of educating the youth in public affairs, as they once were throughout New England. One who was brought up in that more primitive school of citizenship may plead excuse if he may seem as a clergyman to take an undue personal concern in civic government. Such at least was part of my predestination in the Christian ministry. Pastoral duties were ever present and pressing, but civic conditions in New Haven, especially some conditions surrounding Yale College, could not be overlooked. My church stood at the very centre of the city, confronting, on the other side of the green, the city hall, which was also then the seat of the county commissioners by whom liquor licenses were issued. That was one of the nests where political eggs were hatched. Fortunately, after several years of my pastorate, public attention had sufficiently been awakened to render it possible for a good-government club to be or-

ganized and to find support from men of means and influence. For some years I was called upon to serve as the chairman of that club. There had also been formed a law-and-order league, which did valuable service in procuring sufficient evidence to be worked up in reformatory movements. One principle, too often neglected, was observed throughout our work, to which is largely due such measure of success as we attained—we never would make any charges until we had obtained sufficient evidence beforehand to maintain them in court, if necessary. I had deemed it advisable, so far as I had to assume any personal responsibility in this work, never to make any charge or accusation of misconduct on the part of any official, or saloon-keeper, or purveyor of vice, unless I had at hand evidence to defend me from a libel suit, although no such suit might ever be brought. Often it has seemed to me that overzealous reformers have made serious and sometimes wholesale charges, which they had good reason to believe to be true, but of which they had no real evidence. They were thereby placed at a double disadvantage: not only were they themselves liable to be misjudged, but the evil-doers, knowing their lack of proof, could safely laugh among themselves over the premature efforts to put them in a corner. On the other hand, as violators of the laws soon found out that we knew what we were about whenever we brought a case against

them, they began to have a due regard for our reformatory work, as well as respect for those engaged in it. They became more careful of disregarding our public warnings. They had a more realizing sense of what they might find themselves up against. The details of this continued work for good government in New Haven are recorded in our reports and various communications in the newspapers; extracts preserved in my scrap-book would now have little interest, but they bear witness to persistent efforts and increasing results in days now past and gone.

Many of the supporters of this early civic work have already departed this life; and new occasions call for new men as well as new duties. I may refer to two instances only which contain an encouragement for similar reformatory or other works for the good of the community at the present time. One was the contest which we were led to undertake for a better city charter. The one under which we had been governed we found to be singularly defective, especially in the control of the police department. It provided for a bipartisan commission of police, which had come practically to mean a bi-patronage police commission. Two of these commissioners were manufacturers and dealers in soft drinks, and they divided between themselves the supply of soda-water for the saloons in the city. Every policeman on his beat knew

where the pull between the saloon and the police commissioners' interests lay. Naturally any effort to obtain an improved charter met at once with opposition from various interested political as well as profiteering interests that were more or less prosperous under the existing system.

Several of the lawyers and other citizens who were interested in the matter had drawn up a new charter and, with the evidence which we had obtained of the defects of the old charter, we went up to the legislature and fought through a merry hearing for its adoption. The liquor powers, of course, stood for the old charter and their party interests. We were defeated in this initial attack, as we had expected to be. But our defeat in that session cleared the way for the adoption of an improved charter at the next. The political leaders, who had set our work aside, found it incumbent on themselves, in order to retain their own hold, to do something in the way of reform. It would also be fair to them to say that after they had turned us civic intruders down, their eyes had been opened to some evils which they themselves might well remedy and gain the credit for having remedied. So they took the main features of our defeated charter, worked them over in their own way, and of course found it easy to have their good work indorsed by the next legislature. Thus sane and sound measures for

reform may win substantial results, even from their initial defeat. Hysterical or overdone measures of reform are likely to do more harm than good.

The other instance was the fight which we made in the legislature to obtain sufficient law to enable us to suppress pool-rooms where horse-races were played in close proximity to Yale University. We introduced a bill to close such pool-rooms, and we limited it specifically to betting outside the race-courses. We did not undertake to suppress betting on horse-racing at every track throughout the State of Connecticut. We struck at the specific evil of pool-room gambling and, so far as our bill was concerned, no further. We knew that was evil enough to attack at one time. We soon found that we had not only the interests of the Charter Oak Race Park in Hartford against us, but also the gambling interests and money from New York determined to defeat any such legislation. Our only hope was to awaken the whole countryside in our behalf. We received some expert advice from one of the adepts in the art of carrying through railroad legislation. We had not, indeed, and could not have used his means of persuasion, but we could adopt with good conscience and follow some of his advice, such as the following. From his own experience he advised me not to be content with sending our documents up to the desks of the legislators,

but to mail them to the home addresses of the legislators in ample season for their wives and daughters, who would have seen them on Saturday night, to talk them over with the members of the legislature when they came home. Making it thus a family matter, we found did aid us in arousing the moral sentiment of the people throughout the countryside. Another advice which he gave us was to get one or two men in each town to call on their representative at home and talk to him about it. We covered the entire State with letters for that purpose. And we got the country churches also interested in it. One such church—a Methodist one, I believe—happened to be located on a corner where the lines of four townships crossed. Accordingly, making the most of their favorable situation, they passed a resolution enjoining the representatives of all four towns to support the proposed law. I was amused one day on my way to the Capitol, at Hartford, to be greeted by the representative of one country town, who informed me that considerable interest seemed to be getting up in our poolroom law, as several individuals in his place had come and spoken to him of it. Of course I was interested to know it, though not surprised. We finally carried the bill through the House by a sufficient though narrow margin. We had been obliged to stir up the better moral sentiment of the whole State to accomplish it. Had

we confined ourselves merely to our hearings before the Judiciary Committee we never should have come near that result.

One other feature of this fight is well worth recording and commending to any reformers who may attempt to secure, at one stroke, reformatory legislation in some desirable direction —it is not wise to attempt to make law too far beyond what, at the time, the people generally are ready to have enforced. Shortly before our bill was to come up before the legislature, a member of the Judiciary Committee, in his desire to suppress horse-racing generally in the country, proposed the insertion of an amendment which would have made the law so general and drastic that we feared that, even if it could be passed then, it might easily be repealed by the next legislature, or at least practically nullified. So we ourselves had to appear against any extreme extension of our measure, and to prevent to a considerable degree its being made too drastic. We had succeeded, however, in getting up such a sentiment against gambling that we feared some amendment prohibiting all horse-racing might be proposed on the floor of the house and possibly kill the whole bill. To provide against such unhappy contingency we had ourselves prepared a less drastic bill and had given it in keeping to a representative to present if it should become necessary. I suspected, at the time, that the gambling in-

terests might vote for the impractical, overdone amendment in order to cause the whole bill finally to be cast out; and in a friendly conversation which I had afterward with the chief manager of the pool-room business in New Haven, he told me that he himself, foreseeing our possible victory, had had that sweeping amendment drawn up, either to defeat by it the whole of it or, if it passed, to render it possible to get it repealed at the next session of the legislature. I felt justified in a remark which I had made at a hearing, that there were two enemies, often, of reformative measures of legislation: one was the bad man opposed to it, the other the pig-headed good men advocating it. One thing—the one thing needed at the time—was enough, at least in our judgment, for us. Some effort, indeed, at the next legislature was made to vacate the law of its force, but that went not far, and that statute has stood ever since and has shown, in repeated instances, that it is capable of enforcement.

At the time when the boycott was becoming a much-agitated question in labor relations, I was invited by the trades-union of New Haven to speak to them on that and other labor matters then under agitation. Of course, the usual quiz followed the lecture. I found it to be a very interesting experience, and I had no reason to complain of the fair treatment which I received, as I was also somewhat surprised that in

their vote of acknowledgment to the speaker they thanked me for my courage in coming there and speaking to them. I had not foreseen where the courage came in, but their leaders evidently were determined to see that I received a fair hearing.

Afterward I kept up, for some time, an extra-parish acquaintance in those quarters, and I found that this gave me an unusual opportunity at times for the exercise of a peacemaking influence behind the scene, as well as of learning, from closer touch, the worker's psychology. During the progress and final settlement of a threatened strike on the New Haven Railroad, the issue then in controversy was concerned with a readjustment of wages, and it involved the recognition of the labor-unions. One of the chief officers of the railroad unions had been called in to act for the men, and I had sought for an introduction to him from some of the local leaders, which they saw that I had, almost immediately after his arrival. The controversy continued for some two weeks, during which he would come to see me almost every evening in my study, to get away, as he said, from the men for a while, and to consider things quietly. I learned a great deal from him. He was exceedingly anxious to avert a strike. "I know," he would say, "what it means to the men and their families, how much of a drain also it would be on their insurance funds," which he

was particularly desirous to save for their benefit. He himself was willing to settle on what he regarded as an equitable adjustment of their differences—his original figures being less than those at which, afterward, the company decided to compromise. The longer the threatened strike was at issue the more insistent the men became, and the more difficult it grew for him to hold them down to terms which he deemed reasonable. He was most anxious lest some unauthorized strike in the yards should precipitate a general strike. He said that he would not ask the railroad directors to recognize him as an officer of the union, but he desired by himself, or with others, to lay his figures and reasons before them. As the days of indecision passed I would ask him, in those interviews with me after dark, what he could do next to avert the strike. He seemed fertile in resources. I had an understanding with him that if at any time the affair should come to a crisis when he could obtain no more from the officers of the company, and could no longer hold the men in abeyance, he should let me know, and I would myself carry any message which he might wish to the president of the road. One morning he telephoned me that he had got from the men the lowest terms that he could, which he deemed fair, and that, unless they were made the basis of final settlement, he could do nothing to prevent the men from

striking at once. Immediately I took the message straight to the residence of the president, who was a parishioner and friend of mine. Although he received me of course courteously, I felt that he thought the men were seeking to make a tool of me; so after informing him that I could not remember the complicated figures to convey them to him, and that all I had to do with it was to repeat the telephone word that had come to me, I left him and went about my business. I confess I felt a little inward satisfaction when, some two hours afterward, my telephone rang up with an urgent message from the president's office, inquiring if I was at home and if I would come at once to his office. After some repeating there to officials in consultation of what I knew, they decided to ask me to go and get, if I could, the paper which had been shown me containing those figures. As the business seemed urgent, I threw aside all efforts to avoid the newspaper men and others, who had frequently questioned me. I have often since then taken pleasure in recalling how, nevertheless, I succeeded on that message of importance in avoiding the whole alert number of reporters. I had to go up to the headquarters of the local union, knock at their well-guarded door, call out two of their officials, impart to them my errand and then, in company with them, enter a near-by dry-goods store, while one of them used the public telephone to locate the man I

must see; and then to walk with them down the street toward the railroad-station to find the man in the lobby of his hotel, with the figures in his pocket, and in a whispered interview behind a convenient screen unobserved, have him slip those papers into my pocket, and then to walk directly across to the railroad offices and deliver the papers at the president's office. And not a single newspaper man, although they were all around, happened to get track of me, or knew what was up!

As a matter of fact, it was not long after that that the whole available force of the Yellow Building, the railroad's headquarters, was set to work over the estimates based on those figures, and from Saturday afternoon over Sunday they were kept at it, preparing the estimates to be laid before the directors at their meeting on Monday. The night before their decision was expected I asked the labor official what, if anything more, he could possibly do to prevent the strike if the directors refused his terms. He walked silently once or twice across my room, and then suddenly turned to me and said: "I will send a telegram to J. P. Morgan, and offer to submit it wholly to his award, if he will personally undertake to examine it and act as arbitrator between us." I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then said, "I think Morgan would act fairly," to which he assented. I wondered whether he really meant

it; but the next morning, while those informed were waiting for the decision, and orders had been given for the strike to be immediately declared if the decision should be unacceptable, I met him and asked how about that telegram. He pulled out a telegraph blank from his pocket and let me read it. It was a straightforward message to J. P. Morgan, making to him the offer of arbitration. He said: "I shall go immediately to the telegraph office and send that despatch if the directors decide against us." I could hardly help feeling some regret that the directors wisely came to a decision which rendered that telegram unnecessary. It would certainly have been a novel precedent in labor controversies. So near to a strike affecting the whole New Haven system had it come, on that morning, that I desired to know whether a lady friend, who wished to stop over in New Haven that evening, but who must be in New York the next morning, could do so, and he told me any train that she might get on, bound for New York that night, would go through, but he could not guarantee that she could get to New York the next day. Happily the directors compromised on his figures, the strike was called off, at the cost, however, of considerably more expense to the road than if a more conciliatory attitude had been accorded the men at the outset.

I regretted at the time that the personal re-

lations and involvements in the matter were of so confidential a nature that I could not write out in full all that I had known and learned from it. It might have been a profitable story for further occasions. One thing, however, for the benefit of the clergy I learned, and subsequent observation of their utterances and efforts in regard to labor controversies has tended to confirm it. A clergyman can often do better service by not letting himself loose in denunciations from his pulpit prematurely, or figuring too ostensibly in the course of the controversy, but by quietly gaining what acquaintance with leaders of working men he may naturally have opportunity to gain, and holding himself in readiness, whenever opportunity may offer, quietly to use his position and personal influence in ways of peace with all concerned.

One other incident of minor importance in which I happened to play a small part may be recalled as indicative of the inconspicuous yet possibly useful service a clergyman may render in such matters. A strike had been called on the street-railway system of New Haven. A committee of the Board of Commerce had been hastily called to meet the men and seek for an agreement. While they were in session I had somewhat aimlessly loitered around, this time with newspaper reporters, as I then had nothing to do with it, saying to them, if they would give me any information that they might pick up

which might be useful, I would reciprocate by telling them anything I might find out. I owe it, I think, somewhat to them that shortly after one of those citizens, in conference with the men, found me out among the onlookers, and told me that they were about to agree on certain terms of adjustment, which he gave me, and asked me to hasten to the officers of the company, saying he would keep the workers' committee back for an hour in order to give the directors time to prepare their minds to receive the men rightly. I went forthwith to the office, and immediately called up the company's lawyer, and also exercised, unasked, the privilege of calling a meeting forthwith of the directors. There was one phrase of the terms that needed, I heard, some ironing out, which their skilful counsel immediately did before presenting it; and then it was decided by the directors to accept it, and the men's committee appeared. I was taking my departure when the president, also a parishioner of mine, invited me to stay. With much suavity and graciousness of manner he discussed the terms with the men, and told them that now he would wipe off the slate and begin anew. "Are you satisfied?" I asked their leader as they went out. "Yes," he said, "we are, if we can persuade those men down there in their hall waiting for us." With some anxiety I followed them down, and after a few moments I knew from the cheer

that went up that the strike was off. That evening, after a complete tie-up for two days, New Haven had a celebration quite characteristic of a university town. The company put on all its cars and good-naturedly offered the people that night free rides up and down their lines; and the people thronged the streets, kindled bonfires here and there, and had a general jubilation. There is a lot of good nature lying round loose among people generally if it can only be touched off right.

CHAPTER VIII

MY BOOKS

I HAVE just arranged all my books together on a shelf in the order in which they were published. As I glance over them my first thought is to wonder how I ever found time to write them. I could not have done so had they not sprung spontaneously out of my own mental life, and taken form and expression in my preparation for meeting in the pulpit the needs of the people for reassurance and illumination of their faith. The old dogmatisms were dissolving and new teachings of the Spirit coming. Their light was already dawning on the higher Christian scholarship. It was time to bring it down to the people. As I now glance through them my books seem to me to bear witness not merely to my own seeking and finding new meanings and fresh reassurances of faith, but also—which is of more significance—they seem, to me at least, to represent somewhat the progressive advance of Christian thought and theology during the past fifty years. It has been a signal period of reconstruction of theologies and of the scientific reassurance of a faith that can be preached to the people.

The origin of my first book, "The Religious Feeling," was an attempt to bring to clear ex-

pression my own faith as I found it after my studies in Germany. I would find the grounds of my faith not in so many inherited ideas, packed away in our minds; I would find them in the life that was in the world from the beginning, and which has come to self-consciousness in us, springing up in ever fresh spiritual reassurance. As I now glance through this book I find little that I would alter, although much might be added from the results of later psychological investigations and the new realism of our present time.

It is now many years since I have taken down from the book-shelves my early volume, "Old Faiths in New Light." I read now its purpose in these opening words of its preface: "I would read the old faiths, which I still believe, in the light of modern science, to which I cannot be blind. I would help others, if possible, to walk still in the old ways which prophets and apostles have trod, but in the light of to-day." From a revised edition, issued ten years later, I may quote the following sentence as indicating the advance of science and religious thought which at that time was already being made: "Since then (its first publication) the progress of historical researches and of Biblical scholarship and the advance of evolutionary science have opened still deeper knowledge toward the beginnings of things." I recall this as indicating how the new day for Christian faith and preach-

ing was at that time already dawning. This volume I have since then, after repeated editions, allowed to pass out of print, as at many points it would need to be rewritten to make it a modern book, so great has been the increase of knowledge and new light within the short period since then. But the many letters which came to me at that time, especially from men whose minds were thrown into confusion by the shocks of new knowledge, and who found in that book help and leading in their time of spiritual need, are to me now as precious rewards of my earlier ministry, and I myself may now be their pupil as they have found still new light breaking forth over the old faiths.

Two volumes of sermons, published in the years 1894 and 1897, in the earlier years of my pastorate in New Haven, had their origin in my preparation to meet the needs of troubled believers, especially some in my congregation who might be described as doubters who would be believers. This seemed to require of the minister who would meet their religious uncertainties the double task of being conservative of religious values, and at the same time ethically and scientifically true.

My audience in New Haven included at that time students of divinity upon whom were suddenly thrust the new questionings of Biblical scholarship as well as of philosophical agnosticism. To some such it may have seemed, when

they were met by these questions in their seminary studies, as though they had fallen among thieves of their faith. The dogmatists passed them by on the other side, and they needed the aid of some good theological Samaritan. These sermons, as I now look at them, have to me also a certain personal interest as indicating how I myself had been led along in my thinking and believing. In order to keep the faith of my childhood's home was I to be driven back into the closed systems, safe and sound, of the old theologies, or in the open field of science and religion was there to be won a new victory for Christian faith? Could I find for myself a theology that could be preached? It must be one of the Spirit and the Life. Its method must not be controversial, but constructive. It should not undervalue the need of exact thinking or of careful definitions, so far as definitions may be helps, stepping-stones as it were, to further pursuit of truth, but not points of arrested progress.

This desire to escape from the nominalism of theological teaching, and to help the doubts and difficulties of thoughtful hearers by seeking to interpret the Christian faith by what is real in our experience of life, as well as true to our increasing knowledge of nature, is indicated by the titles of several of the sermons in one of these volumes, "The Reality of Faith," such as: "God's Self-Revelation through Life,"

"Ultimates of Knowledge and Beginnings of Faith," "Real Christianity," "Knowledge of Self through Christ," "The Permanent Elements of Faith," "Life a Prophecy," and others on the "Christlikeness of God," and "Knowledge of Ourselves through Christ."

In the sermon on "Real Christianity" appears something of the newer view of the social service of the church which has since become predominant, and also of the larger view of the whole church for humanity which now is the challenge of the civilization of the world to Christianity. In the sermon on "The Permanent Elements of Faith" are almost the only allusions to be found in my preaching at that time to the question of a future probation, over which so much needless controversy had arisen. I had myself ceased to think of little children and the men and women to whom I was called to preach the gospel as so many probationers, under suspended sentence, let out on parole for this life or any other upon their good behavior. All of us seemed to me those for whom Christ had died and for whom He would do all that the love of God through Him might do in any world to save us from our own destruction in sin. For me all the Scriptures, and whatever His disciples have reported of the words of Jesus, are to be interpreted in the spirit of Christ, not in any bondage to the reported letter, but in accordance with His whole gospel.

I find evidence in "Christian Facts and Forces," the other of these volumes of sermons, of my increasing interest during these earlier years of my ministry in social problems, which then were rarely made topics for pulpit discussion, though in these later days they have become current matters for consideration in our churches. I find this indicated in passages in these sermons on such topics as these: "The Church for Humanity," "The Church to Meet Present Social Problems," "The Rights of Men in the Communion of the Church." And also the same note as to moral reality: "What Christianity Is," "Practical Ideas of Christianity," "A Real Theology," "The Rights of Men in the Churches."

In the earlier years of my ministry in New Haven I became acquainted with some of the younger people who had been brought up under the influence of the older doctrinal teachings concerning personal conversion and faith whose inquiring minds it was impossible to bring to anchorage upon the old orthodoxy from which they were drifting away. They might have assented to doctrinal statements and reasonings, but they would not have gained from them the faith in which they could have grown strong to meet the needs of their oncoming lives. It seemed to me that what they needed most was to be guided into some way in which they might work out for themselves their Christian beliefs.

If they could find for themselves a beginning and a way of reaching a personal faith, then they might follow it out to a religious assurance which, because it was their own, henceforth no one could take from them. There were also some among the elderly people who needed to discover new ways of thinking and believing to prevent their own religious beliefs from becoming stale and perfunctory. Their habits of believing needed to be simplified and revitalized, but how could the preacher help to do this? It seemed to me that this could not be done effectively by a series of dogmatic sermons, even though I should endeavor to set forth in fresher forms the doctrines, one after another, of the creeds of the church. But possibly, so it seemed, by raising the question, "How may one gain for himself a personal creed?" and by seeking to show how one might follow a method for himself to some simpler assurance of the great truths of the Christian life—a method could be found which might prove more fruitful in the thought and religious experience of such listeners in my congregation.

Accordingly, in a book called "Personal Creeds," the first sermon was entitled "Moral Beginnings." In it I said: "The first thing to do if we really wish to gain a creed for ourselves is to go and hunt through our experience until we come to something, however simple, before which we must and do say, I see that to be

true, I believe that, I can trust in that. And this I insist is the first thing for a man in search of a creed to do—to find something somewhere which he does believe; not to believe in everything, but to find something, however elemental, which his own life has proved to be true to him." "A young man cannot begin to be a true man until at some point his life takes root in the moral realities." In a subsequent chapter I sought to apply this method to some of the most vital and essential beliefs of Christianity. The concluding chapter was entitled: "Points of Contact between This Life and the Next."

This little book found a ready and continuous sale, and letters which I received from many sources confirm me in my conviction that its method is simple, helpful, and true. Indeed, it is adopted now in many of the best and most helpful religious books. In this way I was only a pioneer.

In the pursuit of biological studies which the laboratories of Yale had opened to me, I had become interested in Weissman's theories of heredity, and particularly in his speculation concerning the natural immortality of the simplest unicellular organism. Experiments had shown that life may be continued from one cell to another by coalescence and rejuvenation for several hundred generations without the occurrence of any body of death. How, when, and

why did death enter into the process of life? The experiments which Weissman used in support of his views of heredity have since then been carried much farther in the Yale Biological Laboratory, and it has been shown that with proper care and by renewing the external conditions of sustenance such primitive life may be continued, in an indefinite number of successions, so far as the experimenters may care to follow them. All Weissman's theories have not been accepted by later biologists; but it is an interesting and fruitful suggestion that death has entered into nature as an element and part of the process of life itself, and has served the ends of larger and richer life. Were it not for death we might still be circling round and round in the primitive unicellular existence. I thought that such biological investigations concerning the entrance and functioning of death might have some direct bearing upon the received theological teaching concerning the entrance of death into the personal life as a consequence of sin. Indeed, such biological facts and speculations concerning the place and function of death in the natural world opened to me an interesting speculation concerning the service of death as a step and means for the higher life of man and its possible unbroken continuity. I thought that such scientific inquiries might possibly cast some new gleams of light at least over this dark side of our theological thinking.

With this in mind, for the purpose, also, of calling attention to the as yet untrodden ways of theological inquiries which scientific studies of the elements and origins of things were opening, I prepared a small volume on "The Place of Death in Evolution." In the light of later biological investigations and speculations, this book of mine might need now at some points to be revised as well as enlarged, but as I look over now its contents and speculative reasonings, I must still regard it as throwing a cross-light, at least, over the shadow of death. After the years which have passed since this venture of faith was made, I may repeat now these words from the preface of this book with even more reassurance. "The pursuit of such studies . . . increases the conviction in which the volume has been written, that new light is breaking from evolutionary science, and that in that light we shall see coming out again more clearly and more surely the simple and immortal faiths of our human hearts and homes."

I was surprised by receiving from Professor Briggs a request that I should prepare a volume on "Christian Ethics" for a series of books which he was editing for "The International Theological Library." The offer was a tempting one for me, as, during my studies in Germany, I had become interested in Rothe's "Ethics," and acquainted with Martensen's and other volumes on Christian ethics. At that time our English

theological literature was singularly deficient in books of that specific character. One had to resort to German books, few of which had been translated, for special studies of distinctively Christian ethics. With too scanty preparation for such a task, I hesitated to undertake it, although it attracted me and I felt the need of it in our theological literature and training. Not that we had been lacking in ethical preaching, but we had available no systematic treatment of Christian ethics as a whole. But trusting, in spite of myself, Professor Briggs's choice of the author, and yielding to his persuasion, I ventured to undertake the task. Meanwhile, my weekly preparation for the pulpit had to be continued, besides other work both pastoral and civic. But some of this practical work and direct acquaintance with social and industrial needs may have been helpful for an insight into the ethics of Christianity for the people. The lessening of church work in the summer season, and my good health which enabled me to keep at my task during the hot weather, served to put me forward in this new undertaking; but most of my work on it had to be carried on at interrupted times, as I could find optortunity to turn from one thing to another.

Since the publication of the work I have hardly glanced at it. It has been used somewhat as a text-book, and once, I remember, I looked into it myself to see what I ought to

think on a certain subject. I was somewhat pleased when once in England a theological student informed me that he had just passed a successful examination in it. I told him I was afraid that was more than I could do. I was surprised when I was informed that a shopkeeper in Wales had read it through. Christian social ethics has now become almost a predominating subject of religious writings; but there is still need that industrial and social ethics should be studied and taught as part and substance of the whole body of Christian faith and doctrine.

I remember coming home one day from the biological laboratory at Yale, where I had been taught to prepare slides for microscopic examination, and with such a slide of the egg of one of the humblest of worms on which the elemental processes of cell-division were made visible under the microscope, I exclaimed to my family that I had the whole mystery of life on a bit of glass. And my wonder grows, the more we know of the elements of life. What would Bishop Butler have written in his "Analogy," what might Jonathan Edwards have noted down on the first scrap of paper he might have laid his hands on, if they could have seen with their own eyes as much as is now revealed to us of the divine mystery of our human beginnings!

An invitation which came to me to deliver

the Lowell Lectures in 1900–1901 offered to me an opportunity to gather up my biological studies and to think over my faiths in the light of the researches of the biologists. These lectures were afterward published in a book entitled "Through Science to Faith." This volume was later reprinted in a new edition in 1913.

It was by accident that I first became interested in the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church. In looking over the shelf of new books in the library at Yale, I chanced upon a small book entitled "What We Want." At first glance I thought it was some socialist publication. I had read but a few pages before it seemed to me like the opening of a new window and a wider prospect for the whole church. I began at once to seek further information regarding it. It was thus that Father Tyrrell's ardent plea for larger scientific freedom in the Roman church came to my attention, and after that I read with avidity his books as they appeared, one after another. His was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness of our modern confusions, and laying an axe at the root of old dogmatisms.

The opening of new possibilities for the whole church, made by this appeal of the authors of "What We Want," led me to write my book, "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism," which was published in March, 1902. Although the names of the authors of "What

We Want" were concealed, they themselves were speedily put under the papal ban. Through the kindness of a friend in Italy I obtained the means of carrying on a correspondence with one of them. A report of a sermon, which I had preached concerning the movement, had been printed in one of the religious papers and subsequently it had appeared in a new Modernist magazine which had been issued at Rome. The number in which my utterance had appeared was put on the "Index" by the pope, and all the contributors to it included under the papal ban.

This book of mine drew fire from many Protestants, some of whom seemed to have gone no farther than the title before their wrath was kindled; and some of the letters which they made haste to send me occasioned me no little amusement. One, from an unbalanced man from the West, advised me to go out and sit down under the shadow of a rock and meditate! Another, who called himself a prophet from the Lord, summoned me to go over to Scotland and receive a message from him. But I have no reason to complain of the general interest which it awakened. Especially gratifying and helpful was a letter received from Doctor Morgan, the rector of Christ Church in New Haven, who told me that on reading one sentence, in which I had said, "The first move toward unity must be made by the Episcopal Church,"

he had felt that it required a response from the Episcopal Church, and that he had written to Bishop Brewster and offered to him the use of his chapel if he would invite me to speak before the clergy of his diocese. In reading the proof of that sentence I had thought that it might seem rather presumptuous in me to put it in that way, and was about to strike the words out when I said to myself: "No, I must let them stand." That proved to be the beginning of friendly conference and correspondence between us afterward. The title which startled some seemed at least a key which opened the lock.

A little book called "Modern Belief in Immortality" had its origin in a lecture which I was invited to give on the New Foundation at Hackney College of the University of London. Most of the books written for edification concerning the life hereafter dwell entirely on the moral argument or rest simply on faith in the Biblical assurance of immortality. It seemed to me that if we went as far back as knowledge of life from its elemental beginnings, we should find signs and evidences of the possible continuance of our personal life through death and beyond it. I sought to bring out what may be called the natural prophecy of personal immortality, and on that to reaffirm our faith in the Scriptural teaching, and possibly also to yield helpful conceptions of the future life in worlds

unrealized as yet. The germinal thoughts presented in this lecture are more fully worked out in my last volume on "The Meaning of Personal Life."

Often during the later years of my ministry there would come to me not only a quickening of thought on familiar themes but a refreshing reassurance of faith as I seemed to grasp some great principle of creative life running from the beginnings of things on and up to its highest earthly attainment in man, and toward the future fulfilment of his destiny in the world beyond. Besides this, some painstaking acquaintance with laboratory work and scientific evidence seemed to me a needed discipline, especially for the clergy in their practical work in contact with the social problems and reformatory work of the times. By such close studies and familiarity with the exactness of scientific experiments might be avoided the peril of too hasty theories, or of what is often very harmful to the reputation of a minister zealous in all public good works, the danger of falling into hasty or too sweeping statements for which he may have little evidence. Overstatement, even in urging moral reforms, may often cause a fatal collapse of one's best intended utterances. Consequently I once asked Professor Chittenden whether he might not offer a course in general biology to students of theology in the Yale Divinity School, especially for the benefit of

those who had little or no opportunity in their previous education for such studies. This he willingly did, and the general resources of Yale in all departments may now be made available to special students. The movement of mind during the last quarter of a century has carried us beyond the old-time tasks of the reconciliation of science and religion. There remains the happier work for theologians and preachers of the assimilation of science by religion.

An invitation which I received from the Yale School of Religion, in 1913, to give the Nathaniel Taylor Lectures offered me an opportunity of presenting these convictions, and these lectures were published afterward under the title, "Constructive Natural Theology." The concluding lecture in this volume on "Scientific Spirituality" is only a sketch of a subject that might be much more fully developed, but its main object, as stated in the last words in those lectures, was to secure more recognition, along with other types of religious experience, of a scientific habit of mind which should be distinguished from agnosticism and recognized and welcomed in the church of God as scientific spirituality. I have had many occasions to know this mental attitude, and to find help to my own faith by discovering it among scientific men at Yale.

CHAPTER IX

MODERNISM. TYRRELL

AFTER I had become interested in the Modernist movement in the Church of Rome through the chance finding of the small volume entitled "What We Want," I began at once to seek for further information concerning it. Father Tyrrell's vigorous pleas for larger liberty of thinking within the Church of Rome came to my notice, and subsequently I read his books, one after another, with great interest. As many articles and some publications by friends of the Modernist movement were appearing in Italy, and were untranslated into English, I took up an Italian dictionary and grammar, and within a short time I found myself able to translate sufficiently to enable me at least to get at the course of thought pursued. Pamphlets in French and German, and books by Modernists began to multiply, and the papers abroad at times paid much notice to the movement, although hardly any notice of it was taken in the daily press or religious papers of this country. From a German bureau I succeeded in obtaining many clippings concerning the progress of this movement and the measures taken by the papal authorities to suppress it, not only in Italy but also in Austria, affecting

in some instances the teachings in Catholic seminaries and in the universities. Indeed, at one time a culture war was threatened in Austria, where university professors had been attacked by the Catholic party. As a result of this attempt to silence university teachers accused of Modernism, in some instances strikes of the student body against such interference with academic liberty had been occasioned, and in one instance a university had to be closed until the matter had been compromised.

These Roman priests who laid their appeal before the pope had no thought of abandoning their allegiance to the Catholic Church, no desire to be schismatics. In one of their earliest utterances, so they tell us, they "had adopted the name Modernists solely in order that it may be understood by the people and because the pope had accredited it; we prefer to define our religious attitude simply as Christians and Catholics, living in harmony with the spirit of their time." *

In July, 1907, a papal syllabus condemning sixty-nine errors in the teachings of the Modernists was issued. This was followed up by the full power of the Vatican in an effort to exterminate in the church these errors, and to cut off from the church all who were persistent in holding to them. This period has been char-

* "Passing Protestantism," etc., p. 41; "Il programme dei Modernisti," p. 5.

acterized, by some who had intimate knowledge of the deprivations, poverty, and hardships occasioned by it, as a time comparable with the days of terror of the French Revolution, when to be in any ways eminent was to be a suspect. It has also been compared with the days of witch-baiting and trials, when men became accusers in order themselves to escape accusation, and to be accused was to be condemned.* A Protestant may hardly realize what it must mean to a life-long devout Roman Catholic to be forbidden the sacrament and to be excommunicated by the church. But not a few of those Modernists did not recant, even though it meant for them that supreme sacrifice. Others escaped delation by remaining silent.

One who would understand the spirit prevailing in the so-called Modernist movement, not only within the Roman church but generally in recent times, may find it revealed in the life and writings of George Tyrrell. His mind was like a mirror reflecting the changing phases of the religious world, its outstanding forms, its overshadowing doubts, and openings also of light from above. He writes of himself: "I became an agnostic at ten. . . . As soon as I ceased merely to repeat the formulas of religion, and began to translate them into realities, the whole thing vanished from me as Jack and the Beanstalk, not by reflex reason, but

* See Petre, "Life of Tyrrell," p. 290.

because there seemed to be no object to lay hold of." Throughout his whole life and its changing positions he would discover the realities. In the year before his life-search for the realities of faith ended he wrote to Baron von Hugel: "I believe religion will re-embody itself. But none of these old bottles will do. Nor can we make a new one. It will grow, but we shall have forty years in the desert between Egypt and Jerusalem." He died, as he had lived, in the expectation of the universal church of the future. Catholic authority could not allow him place of burial without recantation. This he had not done, and when in his last hour this was told him he simply lifted his hand. Catholic authority would not allow him a burial on consecrated ground; but his friends found a place of burial for him between the Church of England and the Abbey Church, and an old friend, an abbot, would not suffer him to be laid at rest without reciting the last Catholic prayer and blessing his grave. They opened his last will and testament, and found therein these words: "I was a Catholic priest, and bear the emblematic chalice and host." In the history of the Modernist movement Tyrrell became an outstanding figure—a revealer of its spirit, a confessor of its deepest need, a champion of its freedom, the prophet of its vision, its martyr in his death.

There is an instructive resemblance between the Modernist movement as illustrated in the

life of Tyrrell and the so-called New Theology during the same period in New England as well as generally throughout Protestantism. Epochs in church history are not created by the men who become their representatives. Reformations in the life and thought of the church have their springs in the far uplands of spiritual experience; as from many sources far inland in the springtime the rivers, breaking loose from their worn channels, flow down in a flood to the sea. The Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church was an outbreak at a few points here and there of the scientific and religious knowledge and thought of the incoming new age. It is much the same movement which has overflowed and broken loose from the inherited dogmatisms of the Protestant world. Some among us may still look upon it with amazing forebodings as though it would carry away like a flood our established beliefs, leaving a dreary waste behind it. But the whole history of the Spirit of the Lord in the renewals of Christian life and thought justifies no such gloomy forebodings. It may, indeed, at times and places carry away values that may need to be recovered; but as a moving of the churches in the Spirit of the Lord it comes not to destroy but to fulfil. In the Roman church as a revolutionary, or rather, we should say, an evolutionary, movement it has been suppressed. But much waits beneath the surface until its hour of revealing shall come.

Tyrrell had been thoroughly educated in the scholastic theology, and had been a teacher and lecturer upon it. So also the New England divines who became known as liberals or progressive teachers and preachers, had been thoroughly trained in the received dogmatic theology of their time. They, like Tyrrell, were suspected and denounced as destroyers of the faith once delivered to the saints. The upland source of Tyrrell's religious renewal was his discovery of what he calls the Lex Orandi as the first principle of the Christian's faith. The Lex Orandi was the derivative principle of Christian belief. The life of the Spirit of Christ in his disciples—the life of prayer and devotion—is the source and ever reformatory influence in the intellectual beliefs of the church. The creeds were not faith but attempts to formulate the intellectual beliefs of the church. During the earlier period of his life as a Jesuit Tyrrell had gained this conviction. "Devotion and religion existed before theology in the way that art existed before art criticism." * The Spirit of Christ rather than Christ himself is the creator of the church—or rather, the whole organism of pre- and post-Christian church, of which Christ is the Head, of which no part, not even Christ, exhausts the potentialities. †

* "Lex Orandi," p. 197.

† From "The Church of the Future," privately circulated in 1892.

Tyrrell speaks of the Catholic theological schools as the "great tyranny of the modern church, and not the least evil of their influence is that they have made Christ himself the first theologian."* Such declarations as these, which are found recurring in his letters and books, are also applicable to the development of the Modernist movement in New England and elsewhere among Protestants during the last half-century. "The creeds are not the life, but the attempt to formulate the beliefs of the church." "The life of the Christ continued in the spirit and devotion of his disciples is primary; it is the source and ever fresh renewal of the intellectual beliefs of the church."

Of the first edition of his book, "Lex Orandi," Tyrrell said: "The first edition is already sold out: the Index had better hurry." A similar observation might be made of some Modernists' books of Protestants in recent times. The ecclesiastical censors must hurry to keep up with them. The self-named Fundamentalists of these days should be more properly called the Superficialists. Advancing knowledge and progressive faith can never fall too far apart. What God hath joined together in nature and in grace, let not man put asunder.

* *Ibid.*, p. 1900.

CHAPTER X

CHURCH UNITY

THE movement for church unity may be dated from the meeting of the Anglican bishops, in 1908, at Lambeth.

Following a preceding action of the Congregational churches of Connecticut in response to a declaration of that Lambeth company, the National Council of Congregational Churches at Boston, Mass., in 1910, took a responsive action and appointed a special committee "to consider any overtures that may come to our body from the Episcopal Church." Simultaneously the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, then in session at Cincinnati, Ohio, issued an appeal for "a World Conference on Faith and Order as a first step toward unity." The Episcopal Convention appointed a commission to prepare plans and to carry forward these proposals for a world conference.

This commission had before them the immediate task of planning and forwarding the work for the ultimate accomplishment of so vast an undertaking. They promptly organized, and at one of their earliest meetings I was cordially invited to be present as representing the Congregationalists, who had already taken in advance responsive action. Their re-

ception of me as though I were one of themselves, which was given at that meeting, was one which I cherish among the grateful memories of a lifetime. It was the beginning of increasing personal acquaintance with leaders of every school of thought in the Episcopal Church and of frequent participation in their conferences. From it has grown a voluminous correspondence in which various plans and proposals were freely discussed. One would fail to find through all these letters any expressions of the ecclesiastical inheritance of bitterness or denunciative temper toward others which too often has characterized religious controversies. Surely the lion and the lamb lie down together in these letter-files of mine.

The work set before the Episcopal Commission required first that they should extend their invitation far and wide to all other Christian communions. As most of these could respond only through action of their respective bodies, which usually met only annually and some less frequently, it was obvious that an indefinite period must elapse before ever the world conference could be assembled. This necessary part of preparation was at once taken up by Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, who consented to act as secretary. To this great venture of faith Mr. Gardiner gave his time, his means, his unfailing personal devotion in the highest Christian consecration. His unfailing patience, combined

with promptness of action whenever possible, his faith which no difficulties could quench, his tact in meeting all kinds of difficulties, have laid the Christian world under indebtedness to him which should be gratefully acknowledged by those who seek for peace and unity of the churches.

Suddenly after a few days' illness, worn out by his unceasing labors, he was taken from us, to receive in the life beyond the Lord's blessing upon the makers of peace.

One of the first steps which the Episcopal Commission deemed it desirable to take was to secure the co-operation of the Church of England. For this purpose they sent over as early as practicable a deputation to confer with the authorities of that church. I have been told that on the first interview, after the delegation had presented the matter, there was an ominous silence and seemingly a rather cold reception of their proposals. One of the Anglican bishops broke the silence by saying that, in a matter of so grave concern, it was of the utmost importance that they should go as slowly as possible. Whereupon one of the American bishops asked: "What is the difference between going as slow as possible and not going at all?" The laughter which followed that American sally broke the ice, and they proceeded to a most friendly and gratifying conference. The archbishop appointed a representative com-

mittee to enter into further conference, which afterward became known as the Archbishop's Commission.

An important preliminary step was taken by the Episcopal Commission by inviting other commissions, as they might be appointed, to appoint from their number a committee to act with the Episcopal Commission as Joint Advisory Board. By the general consent of this advisory board the Episcopal Commission were asked to continue in the direction of the undertaking until the contemplated preparation for the ultimate assembling of the world conference should be completed. At the first meeting of this advisory committee in May, 1913, the Episcopal Commission took another notable step. They asked that a delegation from the other commissions should be sent to the Nonconformist churches of Great Britain, to present the object and plans of the proposed world conference, and to secure, if possible, their approval and co-operation in so great an undertaking. The Episcopal Commission graciously offered to pay out of their initial fund the expenses of such a delegation. This offer was thankfully accepted, and after final arrangements had been made, such a delegation, consisting of Doctor William H. Roberts, Doctor Peter Ainslie, and myself as chairman, sailed on December 29, 1913, from New York for Plymouth, England.

Resolutions by the Connecticut State Conference of the Congregational Churches, and also by the National Council of the Congregational Churches, had been adopted, commending us to their brethren in England. We regarded it as singularly fitting that, after these nearly three centuries of separation, we should land as messengers of reconciliation at Plymouth, from which our forefathers had departed from England. The particular time, however, seemed at first in one respect to be inauspicious for our mission, as the Anglican Church was then surcharged with the Kikuyu missionary controversy in Africa. It had arisen over a missionary proposal for a measure of intercommunion between the native Christians of the Anglican and other Protestant churches. The bishop of Zanzibar was then on his way to protest against it to the archbishop of Canterbury. We thought, however, if we could guard ourselves from any reference to the matter in controversy as not one for us as Americans to take part in, the very interest excited by it, to which, indeed, the daily papers were giving much notice, might create an atmosphere favorable to our irenical message. So we were on our watch not to let any unguarded reference to it escape us in our interviews and conferences. We had hardly, however, stepped on the platform of the railway-station in London when a reporter of the London city press met us with the ques-

tion: "What have you to say about Kikuyu?" We were gratified the next morning when we read the London *Times*, to see as the headline over the interview: "Nothing to say about Kikuyu." It is due to the fine courtesy which was universally shown us that, inasmuch as our position in purposely refraining from any distinctly English question was at once appreciated, in none of our frank conferences, where questions from all sides were asked and welcomed by us, was a single allusion or effort made to draw us out on that matter. Their interest in it, however, had created for us a receptive atmosphere for our mission of peace—the aim and idea of the world conference being beyond all controversy. We found that the Free Church Council had prepared for us immediately after our arrival a large and most gratifying reception. They gave us a banquet in behalf of the Free Churches, which was attended by more than a hundred leading men and official representatives of the Free Churches. This occasion alone was afterward characterized by Doctor Meyer and others as a historic gathering of British Nonconformity, and as marking a distinct epoch in the life of the churches there. I may recall my impressions of it by quoting some sentences from a letter to my wife, giving an account of our reception. "It was an imposing affair, and it went off in great style; I had rather dreaded it, but we felt we did fine

team-work, and carried them enthusiastically with us. I am sure that Doctor Roberts and Ainslie did their parts most admirably, and they seem well satisfied with mine. I had the longer speech, an explanation of our plans to make. One had both to be cautious and yet to let himself go at the right points. One custom at the banquet afforded me some amusement—the to me novel way in which the speakers were announced by a majordomo who arose by the side of the chairman to call out the name of each speaker. He stood right behind me, a man with a big chest and a loud voice; and in a way that almost blew my speech out of my head, he shouted: 'Pray, gentlemen, silence—silence for Doctor Newman Smyth.' However, I recovered myself and got going in acknowledging the salutations of the chairman."

A number of speeches were made by eminent representatives of different communions, and the papers gave gratifying reports of the occasion. After this opportunity to state in general the nature of our mission, we took up the next morning at once the task of meeting for conference, one after another of the official representatives of the several Free Church bodies. Reverend Tissington Tatlow, secretary of the Archbishop's Commission and of the Students' Commission, had arranged with the most careful details our tour for this object, and it was due to him that we were enabled to do so much

in so short a time; one engagement following another with the most advantageous use of time as well as convenience for us. His wide experience in the conduct of the Students' movement had given him exceptional knowledge, and he spared neither time nor effort for our service. In our consultations with him we found also his advice of great advantage to us. We were thus enabled within the short time of twenty-one days on our tour through England and Scotland to meet with thirty-one official groups in conference, and also we accepted twenty invitations of a social character for further conference with representative men. At each one of these meetings we had to make addresses and to answer many questions; some of the conferences were over two hours long, and we sometimes had three in one day. Besides these we had over a dozen important lunches and conversations, frequent interviews with newspaper reporters, and letters daily to answer.

Our delegation received a cordial and delightful reception when we visited Edinburgh. The hospitality of the homes enabled us to meet in personal conversations well-known men whom we were glad to see. Then in the hall of the office-building of the Church of Scotland we met a large gathering composed of official representatives of the Church of Scotland, The United Free Church, The Presbyterian Church of Ireland, The Congregational Church, and

other Scottish churches. The significance of such a gathering was indicated in remarks made by the well-known Reverend Principal Whyte, who said, in seconding a motion indorsing the proposed world conference: "We may well believe that, through the visit of our friends, that union nearer home, which is so much in the gracious, loving, prayerful hearts, will be advanced. I am only speaking for myself when I say that since I came up this stair and sat down in this room I have felt thankful for this visit. It has for the first time brought me within the household and under the roof of our old Mother Church. I shall date the first time that I was invited within its walls to the day of the visit of our American friends." Principal Whyte, it should be said, had been for years a familiar figure on the streets of Edinburgh as one of its most eminent preachers and pastors.

Doctor Ainslie and I felt that Scotland was especially Doctor Roberts's sphere of influence, so at this large meeting we put upon him the burden of making the principal speech. He had looked forward to this gathering, mainly of Presbyterians, with the greatest interest, and he was at his best on this occasion. Our hosts had a full stenographic report of the proceedings and speeches.

Three of these conferences in England stand out in my memory as constituting a group by themselves of peculiar interest—one, the first

that we had after our arrival, was with a group of young men who had bound themselves together, quietly and without observation, "in the light of new knowledge and scientific method to re-examine, and if need be to re-express for our own time the fundamental affirmations of the faith, desiring to cultivate a new spiritual fellowship and communion with all branches of the Christian Church." I felt that there, in that little companionship of young men, was the sign and the hope of the future. Some of them have since been heard from and are now leading exponents of the more enlightened thought and larger catholicity of England. It seemed to me a happy omen, and it gave to me a serener trust and confidence in all our subsequent conferences, that we had met first with that company of quiet, earnest disciples who would find and follow the leading of the Spirit of truth in our own day. The second of these groups with whom we met stood at the opposite extreme, "The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom," of which Lord Halifax was one of the executive committee. It represents the high-church movement, its declared purpose being "to unite in a bond of intercessory prayer members both of clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Anglican communions," looking forward "for their healing mainly to a corporate reunion of these three great bodies which claim for themselves the

inheritance of the priesthood and the name of catholic." At the invitation of Mr. Athelstan Riley, a prominent member of that society and an influential churchman, we met at his home, in London, a number of active members of that association. I may best describe this interesting conversational meeting by this extract from a letter of mine, written home just afterward: "This afternoon I have been quizzed for two hours by representatives of a High-Church, pro-Roman society, and I have had a most interesting time of it. They went into everything, and we had a full and frank discussion. Ainslie has been enthusiastic over my answers, and can hardly stop talking about it. He says they were so clear and convincing, going in concessions just far enough and not too far. I felt myself that I knew what was in their minds, and I had my eye on two representative men whom I wanted, if possible, to influence. I approached them in a way they had not anticipated by assuming their claim to hold a mediating position between Rome and Protestantism (which is their hobby); and then by asserting my belief that the coming reformation in the Roman church will be the recovery of the lost powers of the Episcopate. To that they assented with hearty approval. And then I turned and said that the only possible mediation for the Church of England will be not at one end of the Protestant line, but at the centre

of it with a reunited Protestantism behind them. So it went on, but it was keen work from beginning to end. It was a small but very representative body. If they could see things more broadly it would be an immense gain. But such conferences are as seed to which only the Spirit of the Lord can give their increase."

Some two years later, after the outbreak of the war, I received from Sir Athelstan Riley a copy of a most gratifying speech which he had just made as chairman of that same Association for the Promotion of Unity. In it he had taken the position that there were two theories of church authority—one that of the authority of councils, and the other of the papal autocracy. One era of church history had culminated in the establishment of papal supremacy, in 1870. A new era was opening. The position of the Anglican Church was on the side of the authority of councils and against the claim of Rome. His forecast was that the former would triumph. He alluded in a friendly way in his letter to our conference. One incident of this meeting amused me. A somewhat corpulent minor ecclesiastic, I do not know what his official position was, who had seemed little interested in the general discussion, seemingly half asleep, at one moment said to me: "I suppose you know that the Apostle Paul was ordained by the other apostles at Jerusalem." I replied that I had not known it, but was glad to be so informed. A

general laugh followed, and he fell back into his slumberous contentment.

The other meeting of exceptional interest, in contrast with the two just mentioned, was a quiet evening tea and conversation with a number of representative men and women of the Society of Friends, who are quite numerous in England. A brief welcome by the chairman as we gathered around the table, and afterward a few moments of silence and a prayer of rare simplicity and feeling, were followed by a season of conversation without formality. Here there were no ecclesiastical difficulties to be considered, no controversial differences to be discussed, but only the leadings of the Spirit, the essential things of the Christian life, the simplest, deepest things of faith to be thought of. It was restful and spiritually helpful, as well as most friendly and quickening—a sort of spiritual oasis and refreshment in the midst of our pilgrimage, which fitted us better for the numerous ecclesiastical conferences which we were holding.

From that meeting I went shortly afterward to Oxford, once more to enter the theological atmosphere and to meet in friendly though keenly inquisitive conference a gathering of students and teachers at Mansfield College at Oxford. I recall that at that conference a professor of Hebrew expressed the opinion that the great diversity of religious sects might be, after

all, a beneficial contribution from many sides to the Christian faith. To which I countered by saying, in partial agreement with him, that I thought the dispersion of one language into many tongues at the Tower of Babel might also be so regarded, as certainly our English speech had been enriched by contributions from many tongues, and moreover there were so many languages that the dispersion provided support and occupation for a great number of university teachers, a sentiment which the student part of the audience evidently appreciated. Of course the inference was suggested that our business in this country was rather to recover a common understanding amid our many diversities of tongues.

From Oxford I had the pleasure of accepting an invitation which I had received from Bishop Gore and spending an evening of earnest conversation with him at his residence near Oxford. On a previous visit to England I had casually met Bishop Gore, and at that time received a cordial invitation to visit him, which, however, I could not at the time accept. I had then just heard him deliver a lecture to the students on the essential truths of the Christian faith. I had listened with a critical mind, and it seemed to me that he was laying a burden of belief on the student's mind too heavy to be borne; and had I been obliged to report the lecture immediately afterward I fear that my

comments would not have been lacking in severity. But being introduced to him immediately afterward, I was so charmed with his personal manner and cordial sincerity that I certainly should have revised my report if I had been called upon to publish it. I looked forward, accordingly, with eagerness to an opportunity to sit down with him in quietness and to talk things over. Nor were my anticipations disappointed. I was sure of his keen interest in social problems and of his disposition to work with all others for the social and industrial welfare of the people, and I had made up my mind that I would begin our interview from the practical rather than from the ecclesiastical side of our greatest problem of church cooperation and unity. In this I found him deeply interested, and I let the theological or ecclesiastical matters drift into our conversation as they might. I take from a letter to my wife, written just after this conversation in his library, dated January 28, 1914: "I have had my talk with the Bishop and got along beautifully, obtaining his agreement to our general method of procedure, and, on the basis of practical statesmanship, one important concession which I hardly thought he would make. Not a word of controversial discussion, although I touched directly on the question of Orders."

The concession to which I refer had reference to the question of intention in the reception of

orders. I referred to the precedent of a certain John Humphreys, which I had run across in my researches in the Yale Library collection of Puritan pamphlets. I had asked if he would ordain a Nonconformist on similar terms to those proposed by John Humphreys. He said he would.

The following day we were to have our conference with the Archbishop's Commission, to which we had looked forward with mingled hopes and apprehension. I may take the following account of it from a letter written immediately after it, which was not intended for publication, but which expresses my impressions of it at the time better than anything I might now write about it.

"We have had the most significant and successful day of all. One thing which I had hoped might be done came about of itself. We were anxious to make our meeting with them an entering wedge for similar conferences between them and the English Nonconformists, but did not know how this might be brought about, although we had conferred about it the evening before with their Secretary and our friend Mr. Tatlow. So we had said we must simply watch for it and make the most of it. The opportunity was given us without our having to wait for it. Their Chairman, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in an opening address said that if in the course of our interviews with other communions

there were any who might like to confer with them, they should be gratified to do so. To this welcome I made the following reply:

"'The American Deputation would express their grateful sense of your gracious words and their appreciation of your clear conception of the purpose of the proposed movement for the World Conference as a first step toward Church Unity. We are non-Episcopal clergymen, representing the Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as the other American communions; and it seems to us that our presence here in conference with the Archbishop's Committee of the Church of England is itself a fact of more significance than anything we may say or do.

"'May we assure you that after having had conferences with official representatives of the non-Episcopal Churches of Great Britain and Ireland, we may express their earnest desire to confer together with you concerning these fundamental religious problems in the same desire and spirit which you so nobly expressed in your address to us this morning; and it will be a gratification to us to comply with your request in putting you in communication with those whom we have already visited. We devoutly trust that in the way thus opening before us, we may be led on through some providential simplification of our present problems until we come to an ultimate manifestation of the essential oneness of the Lord's disciples, so real, so

vital, and so dynamic, that the world may see and believe in its Christ from God.'"

They asked us to write out for the press our response which I had made to their address of welcome, and both were to be printed by them together. Bishop Gore spoke in response to us, and I may quote the following reference to it in my letter home. "I wish you could have heard Bishop Gore's beautiful tribute to me. I was so touched by it that I cannot remember the words fully. He referred to what he called my wonderful and delicate power of entering into the position and difficulties of another man of views differing from my own, speaking particularly of my conversation with him last evening, and at some length in a somewhat similar tone, and it was all said with so much tenderness and feeling. I had sought to understand and approach him on his own ground and to enter sympathetically at least into an understanding of his positions, but I was taken completely by surprise by his reference to our conversation, and I mention it because I think it reveals a side of a great ecclesiastical leader with strong, reasoned convictions, which was not generally appreciated by his opponents. His most kind reference to me seems to me to reveal the loneliness in which a man is compelled to stand, as a champion of strong convictions must often deeply feel."

Through such personal sympathies and under-

standings the way toward church unity may more directly be found. Surely the one church ought to be great enough to comprehend in one outward fellowship all who can come into such personal appreciations of one another. I was further gratified by what follows in this account of the conference in the same letter. "Then Mr. Athelstan Riley spoke appreciatively of the conversations which we had had in his house. . . . Our witness of the sincere and deeper feelings of the Nonconformists and desires for more religious unity were well received. Then after we left they held a meeting by themselves and did spontaneously the one thing which Mr. Tatlow (whom we had consulted the previous evening) was puzzled to know how to bring about. For we had hardly returned to our hotel when he called us up and informed us with great satisfaction that they had voted to make the first advance and invitation for personal conferences with the Nonconformists, and had at once appointed a committee for that purpose. That was just what we most desired to have accomplished. Thus we had finished our work of official visitation. While the churches and papers were distracted with the Kikuyu controversy, our message of peace and good-will from America had been heard, and the bishop's address and our response will be indeed a higher and sweeter Christian note. We have seemed to be so guided

as by some higher leading and the path before us made so straight from beginning to end that we lost the sense of nervous tension that would have been natural, and we seemed to take it for granted that we need take no anxious thought for what we should say at the morrow's conferences, for it would be given to us what to say."

A newspaper reporter who had questioned me upon our arrival as to our plans, said to me: "So you propose to fight it out on these lines?" I answered: "No, we propose to think it out on these lines." So we had tried to do all together in those conferences.

The day before our departure I had accepted an invitation from the archbishop of Canterbury to dine and spend the night at Lambeth Palace. He had earlier sent me such an invitation, which I had been obliged by our engagements to defer. It was, however, much to my satisfaction it had so turned out that I might make my farewell visit in England at Lambeth. The memory of it lingers as one of the privileges of my life. I may use an extract from a brief letter which I found time to write to my wife to aid my further recollections of it:

"I am writing by the light of three candles in a chamber of Lambeth Palace, so that you may have a few lines on the Archbishop's paper. I have just been at family prayers in one of the oldest of English Chapels, and I dined in a

room lined with the portraits of the Bishops of Canterbury in an unbroken Succession. The simplicity and beauty of that evening prayer of the Archbishop's household impressed me deeply—the maids in their white dresses, and the other servants of the household were gathered before the Archbishop, who repeated portions of the service of Evening Prayer without intonation and with a simple tenderness and devoutness which seemed to me to impart to the prayers a rare meaning and richness. The present Archbishop is a charming personality. He said on greeting me that he had been waiting to see me for more than twenty years as my book, 'Old Faiths in New Light,' started him on lines which he had since been pursuing. His wife regretted that she was not well enough to appear, as she had read almost everything that I had written. So at once he made me at home. I had a long, very interesting talk with him before dinner; then I met the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester, whom I particularly wished to see, and by the fireside we talked over all these problems of Church Unity in a frank, full, and gracious way. It all seems wondrously providential to me. I have thus had opportunity to say just the things I most desired to say to the very men of leading and power whom I most desired to meet. They have seemed much interested. I have kept steadily to my line of approach, appreciation of values

and practical statesmanship in the work of comprehension. And now here in the most historic place of the Church of England my work is done, and I start homeward." *

One thing more, however, remained to be done before we could regard our work in England completed. We had obtained assurance from the several ecclesiastical bodies with which we had held conferences that they would appoint commissions to take part in the preparation for the world conference. But no arrangements had been made to bring them together for conference among themselves whenever it

* Some months later I received this letter from the archbishop:

FARNHAM CASTLE,
SURREY.

June 10, 1914.

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN SMYTH,

I have to thank you very warmly, though more than tardily (!) for your kind communication of March 25, enclosing the letter dated March 21 from the Advisory Committee. The spirit, tone, & substance of these documents commends itself very warmly to me.

Next week we are to have a first meeting between ourselves of this Church & some of the Noncomformist or Free Churchmen. It is a private confabulation, without reporters or reports. Pray that we may be guided and blessed in it. Then, as you are perhaps aware, I am one of those upon whom falls the serious responsibility of some advice on Kikuyu: & that will begin on July 27, last some days. I pray you kindly to hold us in your prayers, before & at the time.

That evening when we met at Lambeth was indeed a memorable one to me. And the gravity, beauty, large-mindedness of your whole tone upon the subject impressed all of us, I think, deeply.

I may have one or two fragmentary efforts of my own to send you before long, if you are willing to accept them.

Yours very sincerely,
EDW. WINTON.

might be desirable. Fortunately just before our departure the Free Church Council had extended to us an invitation to a farewell breakfast. There we summed up our work and, after some expression of views as to how the work might be continued, they designated three of their number to act as conveners to bring the several commissions into communication with one another after they should be appointed at the forthcoming meetings of the various communions in England and Wales. We informed them of the appointment of the Archbishop's Commission for conferences with such Nonconformist commissions as might desire it, and they agreed to see to it that such a representative committee on their part should be secured. This was afterward done, and their helpful reports of their meeting with one another have been published.

So our work having thus been completed, we started homeward devoutly grateful for the way which had seemed to us so providentially opened, and the response which from all quarters had been made to our message.

Since my return, as I have looked up at that memorial window behind the pulpit of Center Church and thought of the first service held on this shore by the company of pilgrims, with John Davenport their pastor with the open Bible in his uplifted hand, beside it there comes to me that other picture in my memory of that

evening in Lambeth Palace. But yesterday, as the Lord counts time, so I thought, John Davenport left the diocese of Canterbury, disowned and an exile, to gather a little company of pilgrims in a new free church in the wilderness. And there was I, a lineal successor of Davenport, the exiled preacher from Canterbury, myself a guest of the archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, partaking of its simple hospitality, conversing of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God at home and abroad, and particularly in the missionary fields of the church.

The work of soliciting the co-operation of churches from all parts of the world was approaching its completion when the war arose, and all immediate efforts for the convening of the world conference were necessarily postponed. Meanwhile it was decided to carry on the work by organizing and holding preliminary conferences of the churches at home.

Since the war the work of enlisting foreign churches in the world conference has been resumed, and one important preliminary conference held abroad. Questions to be discussed have been formulated, and although some further delays have seemed necessary, it is now expected that erelong the final world conference may be assembled.

CHAPTER XI

PARABLE OF THE LOBSTER AND THE CREEDS

TOWARD what is Protestantism coming? This is a question which the war has left to be answered. For the Protestant churches not to face it would be for them to become defaulters of their own history. I wish that this searching question might be put directly to the laity as well as to the clergy of all the Protestant churches. It is not to be taken pessimistically, as though one were exclaiming, Into what further dissensions and bankruptcy of belief Protestantism is going; but seriously, hopefully, and decisively: To what greater Christianity may Protestants now come? This question I raised in the opening passage of my book, published in 1908, entitled "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism." If the question was at all ahead of the times then, not to raise and find the answer to it now would be to fall hopelessly behind our time. The common cause of Christianity is at stake. Shall the people outside our churches witness now a recrudescence of denominationalism or the coming of a new era of comprehensive Christianity?

Next to the word Christian in the Protestant creeds stands the great word catholic. It ap-

peared about the end of the first century in an epistle of Ignatius: "Where Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." The word catholic is lowered and profaned if it is made the name of any party within the church. The first question should be: Is Protestantism going toward catholicity, or falling away into worse denominationalism? Jesus did not tell His disciples to tarry long in Jerusalem; He bade them go up to Galilee; there they should behold Him on the mount of ascension. It has been asked: Shall the Protestant churches go back to Jerusalem, to Athens, or to Rome? Yes, but not to tarry at any one. Not to stop with the apostolic beginnings of Christianity, nor with the Greek philosophy of religion and its definitions of the true nature of the Godhead in words for which there are no exact equivalents in the Nicene Creed. Not to wait at Rome, even though it claims it has a living authority to interpret the faith. The real and now pressing question is: Shall the Protestants be content to stop, each in his own isolated hut, and say: "No passing here"?

But it will be said, unless we stand fast in the creeds shall not the faith be abandoned? There is a much overlooked but simple distinction which needs to be made between the faith and the containers of the faith. Jesus left for us in our time, as well as for His disciples, His plain saying concerning the new wine and the

old bottles. No creed of the living church was ever made yesterday or can be made to-day which on some to-morrow shall not need to be remade. A Presbyterian clergyman once said to me: "The Presbyterian Church is like a bottle: there is plenty of room in it after one gets in, but the difficulty is to get in through the neck of the bottle." An honest clergyman may subscribe to all the creeds of Christendom just as Chillingworth, the author of that famous book, "The Bible the Religion of Protestants," subscribed to the articles of the Church of England, writing beneath his signature: "I believe in them because the truth contained in them is more than the errors."

Possibly those believers who would secure the faith by encasing it tightly in the creeds may learn a lesson from nature's method of conserving life, one not too scientific even for the Biblical literalist to accept. When the young lobster first arrives nature provides it with a shell large and pliable enough for it to grow in. Ere long its shell becomes too small and brittle, and nature, not to be thwarted, lets it find retirement for a while among the rocks, while it casts off its shell and grows another one larger even than its immediate need. In it it ventures forth, and, continuing however to grow, nature casts off the old and puts on again the larger shell. This might be called the Parable of the Lobster and the Creeds. Faith

needs creeds, and creeds need to be made and remade from age to age that faith may survive.

These further considerations seem called for if we would escape from confusion of vital issues with secondary questions.

The names fundamentalists and modernists, as used in the papers, are themselves misleading. The real fundamentalists are the scientists, who go down as far as their researches may carry them through the evolution of life toward the beginnings of matter. Thus they are also modernists, as they have discovered a new world of whirling motions and attractions in the atom, and also through their mastery of ethereal energies enable us through our radios to listen to what the poets have called the music of the spheres. The Protestant theologians would be false to their own faith in the Bible did they not search the Scriptures as far as modern historical researches may enable them to interpret them. Moses himself was a fundamentalist so far as he sought for foundations in the creation for his faith in God; he was also a modernist, as he went far beyond and above the mythologies of his day, and with a great faith, though little knowledge, conceived of an orderly process of creation. Among the varieties of religious experience it is full time that we should recognize and welcome what may rightly be called scientific spirituality.

One thing more should be done if we would

understand to what Protestantism may eventually come. Just as a surveyor may step back far enough to sight along his lines in order to carry them farther on, so should we go back far enough in history to enable us to look forward from determinative points in the past to forecast the line of progress in the future. Two such eras may be distinguished in the history of English Protestantism, and a third is already in sight. The first was an age of persecution. The second has been an era of toleration. In it sects have multiplied and Protestants divided. The signs of the coming of another era are already in sight. One not to be mistaken nor neglected was given in the appeal of the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops to all Christian people for common fellowship in work and worship. At the hour when their appeal was adopted one venerable bishop said: "I am sacrificing convictions and prejudices of a lifetime." Another exclaimed: "The great church has arrived." It has not yet arrived, but the signs of its coming are above the horizon. The archbishop of Canterbury said: "We have launched out into the great deep." He appealed for "a new adventure of faith." In the same spirit one eminent bishop of the American Episcopal Church once wrote to me: "I would be willing to see the whole Episcopal Church swallowed up in something greater than itself, but I would not see it swallowed up in anything less than itself."

The people round about our churches care little for our theologies; they do care much for a religion which can be put into practice for the real Christianity of Christ to save modern civilization. The reorganization for the sake of efficiency of power-plants and co-operative industries of Christianity must be mainly the work of the laity. As I listened the other night to an address of Secretary Hoover to the Society of Electrical Engineers, and followed his masterful exposition of the problems of our industrial development, their vastness and complexity, it seemed to me that by changing only the words his address would apply as well to the problems of our modern Christianity, and when he said that the solution might be found in the one word, connection, I wished we had for the organization of the powers of Christianity—a Hoover.

CHAPTER XII

LAST REFLECTIONS

(Note: Written by Doctor Smyth a few days before his death.)

AS I look back over the years of my life, it seems to me that its course at important points has been determined for me by some unseen Power; as the direction of a boat, so we are told, may be controlled by an unseen hand on the keys of a wireless power on the shore.

I could not tell, for instance, just when I decided to enter the army during the Civil War. I seemed simply to find that I had so decided. It was not what I had been studying and fitting myself to be; but the unseen guiding Providence had turned me, hardly realizing it, into another course, and I found myself enlisted as a soldier in the Army of the Potomac. And it has proved to be good, and not evil for me, all through the long course of my subsequent life. That year in the army I have come to regard as the best year's course in my education for the Christian ministry. I had thought of it at the time only as an interruption of preparation for my life's work, but I often find myself to this day thinking and working along the lines of the experience in my army life.

When I left home for the army my mother was nearing what proved to be the end of a lingering illness. No duty that I had to meet at the army front seemed to me to require more courage than the last lingering moment when I had to turn from her bedside and say good-by to my mother. I never saw her again. She died when we were in pursuit of Lee toward Appomattox. I remember still how, in the first charge which my regiment was ordered to make, it was with the thought flashing through my mind that perhaps that way forward might prove for me the shortest way to meet my mother; and that made me leap forward at the head of my company.

I began to preach at a time when I was in deep bereavement. My only sister, Mary, whom I dearly loved, who after our mother's death had been everything to me, had been taken from me into the life beyond. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, that a few days after we had laid her to rest, the pastor of our home church in Brunswick came to me to ask me to supply the pulpit in a neighboring church the following Sunday. I told him I could not preach under so great bereavement. But he led me to see that it was best to begin at once. I consented, but only after having first made to myself a pledge that, come in God's will for me what might, I would seek to make my ministry for others a Gospel of Hope and

of triumph over death. Not long afterward my father was called away from us to join those who had gone before him to prepare a place for him in some one of those many mansions in the other world. My earthly home was broken up. "I looked behind to find my past and lo! it had gone before me!"

My own life, since that early baptism of sorrow, has been singularly free from bereavement, but I have sought through all these years ever to keep among the sorrows of others the early consecration of my ministry to the Gospel of Hope. I have never willingly or knowingly allowed a funeral service to strike any less Christian a note. The use of one and the same burial service without variation cannot do this; each service must be individualized. Did not Jesus Himself always individualize His ministry among those who came to Him? The minister should seek to make Jesus Himself present in each home of sorrow, as He was in the house of Mary and Martha. By no uniform or written selection of Scriptures may this be done. From all over the Bible the words fitted to each household in sorrow may be gathered. The words of prayer should be in accordance with the immediate individual needs. It is sometimes surprising to one who for this purpose searches the Scriptures to see how the Bible may be focussed, as it were, upon every individual case of need.

THE FORWARD-LOOKING LIFE AND ITS CONTINUATION HEREAFTER

It was doubtless due to the breaking up of my home at the beginning of my ministry that I find inquiries concerning the future running through all my studies since. The popular religious books on immortality, however comforting to believers, failed to satisfy me. Valuable and helpful as they were to persons already believing, or sometimes as suggestive of future possibilities beyond death, they did not go deep enough to find the intellectual foundations, beneath doubts, for faith in immortality. I was seeking for intimations of man's survival value in the elemental constitution and progressive evolution of the creation up to man, and his survival value. Such searching, however disquieting at times it must needs be, brings all the way along its own increasing expectation.

A real, living faith must be always a forward-looking faith. From what is known it will be an earnest expectation of things yet to be revealed.

Some of the most devitalized dogmatists are to be found among certain younger clergymen, whose beliefs reached their full growth and became fixed when they graduated from the theological seminary. There they had been stamped with the indelible mark of orthodoxy. At whatever time in his life it may be, younger

or later on, a man becomes really old when his view of life becomes incapable of enlargement, his habits of thought hardened, and when his faith, clothed in a ceremonial strait-jacket, has no freedom left in which to grow. Wells without water are such dogmatists; trees without sap. But those Christians whose faith has been kept out in the open air and sunshine never grow old; their spirits are always young, and when, in their old age, they go home to the God of the living, we, as we remember them up to their last days, call them blessed as the children of God. That is not an accidental or insignificant arrangement of words in the apostolic trilogy of the virtues—faith, hope, and love. For hope is the golden link between the two. All spiritual truths are forward-looking, glimpses of brighter revealings, prophecies of a new world overcoming ancient wrongs, of happier welfare for all people, all things working together for good. As in my youth I consecrated my ministry to the search for truth, the Gospel of Hope, my last prayer might be for grace sufficient and in it something of the optimism of that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

If doubts still linger as a Christian's life draws near its close, they may be rimmed with light; as once toward sunset looking westward I saw a cloud lingering on the horizon, but, as I looked, I beheld a band of gold touching it from above and gradually bending around it

till it encircled the whole cloud; and, while I stood looking, the cloud itself had become a glory and all the evening sky was bright.

THE THINGS THAT REMAIN

As I look backward through these past fifty years, and forward toward the coming years, what are the things that remain? What are the abiding faiths? What the substance of things hoped for? These I now find for myself underlying all my lifelong studies, running through all my books, but never coming to full expression. These abiding realities of faith are structural—laid in the foundations of the creation. They are developmental forces and successive formations of the personal life. They are Christian, as they are interpreted and harmonized in the person and the life of Christ.

As the generations pass and knowledge grows, how shall it fare with the faith in the person of Christ? Shall His light fade as the centuries pass since Jesus was known by His disciples and as man's knowledge grows? His farewell promise to His disciples was: "I am with you always even unto the end of the world." So far as we may prophesy of the ages to come from the vanishing past until now, we have the answer: the Christ is always with men in the Spirit of Christianity. We still to-day believe in the revelation of God in Christ, not merely because in the receding dawn of Christianity

His disciples believed in Him, but because now our skies are filled with the "Light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

Jesus Himself left no written teachings with His disciples. Once, we are told, He wrote something on the sands of the shore, which the next inflowing waves would have washed away. He built no memorial. But one simple thing which He did has remained with us, the breaking of the bread in His name, and the cup of communion, as in His Presence always with us.

Our little systems have their day. Our historic creeds require new interpretations. Our churches are reformed, and all must wait to be gathered up into some great Christian comprehension. But before us the Spirit of Christ always goes, even unto the end of the world. Our human life is revealed and glorified in His.

But for us shall there be entrance into that Omnipresence in which, as the sacred Scripture promises, there is no darkness at all? I remember another evening sky. From my summer home at Islesford, Maine, opposite Mount Desert, I looked across the water at an opening between two mountains where the last gleams of the sunset would sometimes linger. While all around the horizon the sunset was passing away, a cloud hung over that pass-way between the mountains toward the sky beyond. As I was looking, lo! the cloud was lifted, and I stood gazing into the sky above. I could not help

thinking that so at the earth's last day the gate of heaven shall be opened for all who will to enter in.

OLD SERMONS

One morning during my pastorate in Quincy, Ill., a farmer appeared in my study and told me that he had discovered a half-barrel of old sermons of his grandfather's, and he wanted to sell them to me, as he might any products of his farm. I asked him what he thought I could do with them if I bought them. "Why, use them," he said. But I answered they would not be my sermons. "Of course they would be yours if you bought them," he answered. I had no such scruples, however, about using my own old sermons. Once, in my earlier ministry, when I was about to leave for a vacation, I left a package of my old sermons with a friend for safe-keeping, and marked them "Dried Tongue." However, I found an old sermon of my own of little use unless, as I looked it over, it might come back to me as a new sermon, and I could feel it with the same freshness of mind as when it first came to me to preach it. The old in our passing lives has vital value still if it enters into the present as stimulus and hope of the coming day. Our lives are rooted in the Everlasting. The best past becomes the better future. Our God, says the Scripture, is not the God of the dead but the living.

THE UNPREACHED SERMON

Most of my old written sermons I have burned up, not wishing to leave them. As I glance at the sermons, either mere notes or written out, which remain, one sermon, arising as it were from the dust of them all, seems to rise before me—it is the unpreached sermon. It is the word ever striving to come to expression, the faith ever seeking new embodiment, the vision ever going before one, the strivings of the Spirit that an apostle called unutterable. How often, and especially when kindly listeners may feel that their pastor was at his best, must he come down from his pulpit feeling that he has failed to bring to utterance the truth which he felt, the vision which he could not utter! He will try again, another Sunday, and always to the end of his ministry his own last sermon will never have been preached.

THE CREEDS AND THE FAITH

There are no formal and final creeds written out in the Bible; but there is one triumphal chapter in the New Testament on what is done by faith. We may well endeavor to bring up our creeds to the measure of our working faith, but to make the creed the measure of our faith may prove to be untrue to the very Spirit of our faith. Too often dogmatists have been false to the faith in their very defense of the creeds

of the church which contained the faith. Of the many statements of belief held by the churches at the present time, the declaration made by the National Council in 1913 seems to me at once both conservative and progressive. At that time the differences between the liberals and conservatives threatened an ecclesiastical conflict and even possibly a split in the denomination. We had to act on a report submitted by a large commission on a reorganization of our whole working organization, and a statement also of our belief. The controversies of the preceding years had indeed died away, but there still remained the divergencies between the old and the new doctrinal tendencies. Some of the newspapers at the time, ever seeking some new thing, hailed the prospect of a split in the Congregational body. As I was numbered among the liberals, I was asked by some of the younger ministers to join with them in presenting simply a short and general confession of faith for the council to adopt. It would have been sufficient as a confession of faith for admission to the church, but it was not a creed. In the Andover controversies I had maintained that those of us who were called destroyers of the faith "once delivered to the saints," on account of our more liberal interpretations of it, were in reality true conservators of it. I declined, therefore, even for the sake of liberty, to cut our denomination off from our inheritance in

the historic creeds of the whole church, or to adopt a resolution which might be so misunderstood.

A HALF-CENTURY'S CHANGE IN THE RELATIONS BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE

It has been a great experience for any thoughtful Christian to have lived through the past period of fifty and more years in its rapid extension of scientific knowledge and the corresponding adjustments of religious thought. We have gone a long ways since Darwin's book on the "Origin of Species" first startled the religious world and the so-called conflict between religion and science was at its height. In its earlier stages there was more or less misunderstanding and confusion of tongues in both camps. But the defenders of the faith were then, for the most part, able philosophical reasoners, and they read at least the writings which contained the new views of the creation of the world, the testimony of the rocks and the origin of man. They took, indeed, at first temporary and precarious refuge for their faith in more or less artificial interpretations of the Mosaic account of the creation. Not a few points of harmony with science might indeed be found if the Biblical text were not too literally interpreted. But, ere long, scientific methods in the study of natural history began to be applied also to the historical books of the Bible and

also to the origin and development of religious ideas. Nowadays all received beliefs and customs, social and philosophical as well as religious traditions, are subjected to scientific methods of research and determination. Our best religious thought has become scientific in its method and broad in its outlook. Modern thinking has become an eager hunt in all directions for realities. And the farther back we go toward the ultimates of our knowledge of nature and the beginnings of matter, the farther we seem to depart from gross and meaningless materialism, and the nearer do we draw to the realization of some spiritual energy in all and through all. What we once called chaos seems to resolve itself into a primal and integral harmony. All things from the beginning appear to have been working together for good.

It has been my fortunate experience to have lived through this period of New England theology, and through my successive publications to have endeavored to show that through evolutionary science faith may be reassured. Sometimes in my own preparation for the pulpit and consequent wrestling with my own questionings of spiritual forces and laws, as well as over the doubts and difficulties of some of my hearers, there has come to me a fresh reassurance and inspiration in turning to my biological studies. Looking into the creative processes of life as made apparent in some of my laboratory

slides, I have seemed to grasp some great creative principle or law of life starting from the beginnings of things and reaching on and up toward fulfilment's passing knowledge. My doubts seemed to be but passing shadows of our human ignorance.

There certainly has come about a marked change in theological teaching and preaching during the past fifty years. Systems of theology which were once taught and preached, and also made subjects of controversy, are now resting in peace together on the shelves of our libraries in our schools of divinity. The once familiar doctrinal words are now almost unheard in the pulpits, and would carry but little meaning to our congregations. We have dispensed with our catechisms in the Sunday-schools. This change, however, is not so much as it might seem to be in the substance of the truths as formerly taught; it is rather a difference of approach and of emphasis on the truths which are regarded by us as the first essentials of Christian faith. The old systems have been broken up by repeated shocks of new knowledge. Completed systems, indeed, of divinity or of science, need to be broken up so soon as they are completed. Some new knowledge, some larger conception will be found to have been left out. Not, indeed, that systematic thinking and teaching does not have its use, but it is never to be regarded as final. The real question for us to

ask is whether or not we may come forth from our little systems which have had their day into some larger, clearer vision of the one Divine Reality. In our new studies and from our wider horizons of knowledge, are we nearer God?

I think that older ministers who have, through long pastorates, kept in touch with the times, would find in the changes in the topics of their sermons or in their methods of preaching an interesting reflection of the changes in the whole attitude of the modern mind toward the church and religion which have gradually taken place during the past fifty years. In their old sermons they will probably find either in the text chosen or the subjects of the sermons, or at least in frequently recurring passages in them, such doctrines as original sin, regeneration, conversion, its need and its evidences, divine foreknowledge and free will, the atonement and conflicting views of it. The contrast with the sermons of to-day is of interest to an older minister not only because reflecting the changes which, perhaps more imperceptibly than he was aware, have taken place in his own mental attitude or his real growth in faith, but also because it shows what notable changes have taken place in his congregations, and what the people have looked for from their pastors. Some of his old sermons might possibly keep his present congregation awake because of their novelty and fire, but the old controversies and

the theological terms would convey to most of them little meaning or reality. And yet, though the minister and his people have been through all these changes—however much has changed—running through them all is the same leading of the Spirit, the fulfilment of Jesus' promise to his first disciples that his Spirit should lead them to all truth.

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES

THE CONTRIBUTION OF NEWMAN SMYTH TO THEOLOGY

BY BENJAMIN W. BACON

"I HAVE just arranged all my books together on a shelf in the order in which they were published. As I glance over them my first thought is how I ever found time to write them. I could not have done so had they not sprung spontaneously out of my own mental life, and taken form and expression in my preparation for meeting in the pulpit the needs of the people for reassurance and illumination of their faith. The old dogmatisms were dissolving and new teachings of the Spirit coming. Their light was already dawning on the higher Christian scholarship. It was time to bring it down to the people. As I now glance through them my books seem to me to bear witness not merely to my own seeking and finding new meanings and fresh reassurances of faith, but also—what is of more significance—they seem to me to stand at least like the progressive advance of Christian thought and theology during the past fifty years. It has been a signal period of reconstruction of theologies and of the scientific reassurance of a faith that can be preached to the people."

Such is the illuminating introduction which Doctor Smyth himself prefixes to a survey of his literary work. Readers of the successive volumes from "Religious Feeling" (1877), and "Old Faiths in New Light" (1879), down to the Taylor Lectures on "Constructive Natural Theology" (1913), "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism" (1908), and "The Meaning of Personal Life" (1916), will readily understand why Professor John W. Buckham, in a volume entitled "Progressive Religious Thought in America" (1919), places his name, and a description of his life and work, at the head of the chapter entitled "Newman Smyth and Later Representatives of Theological Progress." In the great succession of New England divines which begins with Jonathan Edwards and ends with what came to be called the New Haven school, Doctor Smyth's place is a great and lasting one, though like Edwards he hailed from another New England State, and like Bushnell felt more of revolt from the traditional teaching of the school than of his real and deep affinity with it. Buckham is an authority well qualified to judge, and the position he assigns to Doctor Smyth as not merely a leading theologian of our generation but the herald and representative of a new and "constructive" theology in the generation to come, is well merited.

Those who knew Doctor Smyth by his theological writings would coincide, I think, if im-

partial, with this judgment. Those also would no doubt agree who knew him only as a preacher, without the closer intimacy which he gladly welcomed, but which men failed to obtain when (as so often happens to our subsequent regret) through timidity, or a mistaken idea that an air of abstraction and reserve meant a consciousness of intellectual superiority and desire to hold aloof, they shrank away. These, too, would say: "Yes, a great intellect; a keen and logical mind; one of the old type of great theological reasoners. A man who felt the freedom of the faith because he had mastered it. Newman Smyth," they would say, "could take home to himself the ancient Horatian motto that proclaimed the spirit of the New Haven theology from the title-page of its organ, *The New Englander:* 'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,' because he was competent himself to speak with authority." This judgment, too, would be just. A sense of freedom in the knowledge of the truth is the chief point of affinity between Smyth and the older New England theologians from whose formulæ he did not hesitate to break away. These are truths apparent to all. But one characteristic of Doctor Smyth's writings could be learned from no other source than his own declaration—the motive and spirit of his theological contributions. That he has given us in the brief survey with which I began.

Doctor Smyth was eminently conscious of living in an age when "the old dogmatisms were dissolving and new teachings of the Spirit coming." If he had cherished any illusions as to the meaning of its transition throes, he and his friend and fellow soldier Doctor Munger had plenty of reminders from contemporary fundamentalists and heresy-hunters that they were departing from the old paths. But it needs his personal assurance and acknowledgment to realize that theology was not his primary interest. True, his books "sprung spontaneously out of his own mental life," and that mental life was rich and energetic, free and discerning, bold and patient, in a degree that is rarely paralleled even in academic halls. But his writings were not produced from the philosopher's interest in his subject. He was not even consciously making contributions to it. He had a more unselfish, not to say a more modest aim. He spoke and wrote "to meet the needs of the people for reassurance and illumination of their faith." He aimed to bring down to them "the light which had begun to dawn on the peaks of the higher Christian scholarship."

Shortly before Doctor Smyth's call to this pulpit he had been invited by the Andover trustees to the chair of systematic theology recently vacated by the famous Professor Park. It was a natural consequence of a series of lec- ures subsequently published under the title

"The Orthodox Theology of To-day" (1881). The lectures defended the essentials of the Christian faith against unbelievers, and by a natural sequence led the Andover trustees to this appointment. But the appointment was not only "without previous intimation or desire" on the part of Doctor Smyth, it was, as he expressly tells us, completely "foreign to" his own purpose and expectation. New England theology as a whole (especially as taught by Professor Park) had seemed to him since seminary days a kind of "orthodox rationalism." It had lost touch with reality and life. Always an ardent lover of the real and the concrete, revelling in the experimental researches of biology and physical science, Smyth's year of army life immediately preceding his ministerial training at Andover kindled in him an interest in the every-day realities of human life no less deep than his love for natural science. Just as the later developments of Edwardsian Calvinism seemed to him a mere logomachy detached from the real world of nature, so a career of academic seclusion had little attraction for him. He had no aspirations to become a theologian. But his very distaste for a theology whose speculative development had lost touch with the tangible realities of science and human life made him capable as he could not otherwise have been of speaking for the new age. The past fifty years have been indeed, as

he says, "a period of reconstruction of theologies." The old New England theologians had at last reached the point where they must follow the example of other scientists in exchanging deductive methods for inductive. Natural theology was forced to take account of modern science. The idea of revelation based on rabbinic theories of inspiration gave way perforce to the discoveries of criticism. The universe of natural law had been unveiled, history had been rewritten, a science of the psychology of religion had been inaugurated and beginnings made with the study of comparative religion, while the New England theologians had been occupied with patching the old garment of Calvinism. Outside New England one may still see the turmoil and terror of the great transition. South and West theologies in plenty are still being reconstructed. Others are resisting to the utmost the salutary change. Doctor Smyth does not claim too much for his own writings when he describes them as "standing for" this progressive advance. The claim which he does not make—that they laid some of its foundations—it were perhaps wiser that we should not make on his behalf. But this at least is true: these writings have given to multitudes of troubled souls "the scientific reassurance of a faith that can be preached to the people."

In our age it has become the fashion to de-

cry theology. Clergymen apologize in the pulpit for ordered thought in things pertaining to the unseen world, and declare that they teach religion, but not theology. It is taken to be a sign of common sense to have no system of thought in matters of the spirit, not to attempt a philosophy of life, to repress the natural instinct of the soul to question the mysterious universe in which it finds itself concerning the whence, the why, and the whither. Viewed in the abstract we might well regard this as a strange paradox that men should make it a mark of wisdom in a field wherein every man, whether he will or no, is so vitally concerned, to abandon the reins of reason and let oneself be swept along by every chance wind of sentiment or doctrine. In the nature of the case the fashion of discrediting theology must needs be passing. Ordered thinking must take the place of mere inherited tradition, or mere unreasoning sentiment, as surely in religion as in philosophy. But as a transient phase the present disrepute of theology is not wholly inexplicable, nor indeed wholly undeserved. Timid in the assertion of its native freedom, Christian theology lingered too long in the lap of the past, enamoured of great system-makers of former days, more eager to absorb their results than to imitate their example of progressive advance. It refused the great forward step of modern science from the deductive to the in-

ductive method. Hence indecision, confusion, discord.

> "There's none who would be foremost
> To lead the host's attack
> But those behind cry 'Forward!'
> And those before cry 'Back!'
> And backward now and forward
> Wavers the deep array;
> While on the tossing sea of steel
> To and fro the standards reel;
> And the victorious trumpet-peal
> Dies fitfully away."

The starting-point of Doctor Smyth's theological contributions was a natural one for a student trained in the New England theology, yet rebellious at its lack of contact with real life. His first book, entitled "The Religious Feeling" (1877), was written shortly after his return from a period of study in Germany, where his attention was drawn by Professor Tholuck to the new science of Biblical theology. New England theology had indeed occupied itself from the beginning with "the religious feeling"; but without the remotest conception of what would now be called the psychology of religion. No; man's conception of God and duty came by inerrant tradition from the experiences of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, John, and other canonized vessels of the Spirit. The experience of regenerative grace came by repeating as closely as possible the soul struggles of Paul as de-

scribed in his epistles. There had been a time, —yes, even a succession of times—when God had worked among the Hebrews in a miraculous self-manifestation. But even if he were still a living God it was considered almost blasphemous to imagine that present-day experiences were a proper norm for interpreting what was called revelation. "The Religious Feeling" had no historical development. Biblical theology completely revolutionized this point of view. It undertook to study revelation as the progressive manifestation of the religious feeling. The Biblical writings were to be submitted to the same critical scrutiny as other ancient records, to obtain from them an understanding of the development of religious ideas. Traced back to their origins in the religious life of Israel, the Biblical conceptions on which our own religion is based took on new significance. The literature became the index by which we come at the work of God as a spiritual Creator.

The glimpse into the new science of Biblical criticism was scarcely more than a prophetic foregleam. It did not lead the young disciple of Tholuck to become a Biblical critic or philologian. It did lead him, he tells us, to find the grounds of his faith "not in so many inherited ideas packed away in our minds, but in the Life that was in the world from the beginning, and which has come to self-consciousness in us, springing up in ever fresh spiritual reassurance."

And what he had found vital and helpful to his own faith he proceeded, after his wont, to bring to "the needs of the people."

"Old Faiths in New Light" (1879) was a natural sequel to the volume which showed the religious feeling in successive ages to be the basis of revelation. The post-Reformation attempt to substitute the authority of a miraculous book for that of an infallible church had inflicted on English-speaking divines, as on the Protestant world generally, the incubus of a rabbinic doctrine of Scripture. Biblicism had brought about inevitable conflict between the growing sciences and ecclesiastical dogma. Some were for throwing away the old faiths altogether, convinced that the natural sciences had better foundation than the dogma. Others were for throwing away the natural sciences. Doctor Smyth's keen interest in natural science combined with his broader apprehension of the nature of revelation enabled him to transcend this shallow alternative. His book took rank with Joseph LeConte's "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought" (1887), in showing that the alleged "conflict" was not between science and religion but between human dogmas, of which theologians and scientists could be equally prolific.

"Old Faiths in New Light" was followed by two other books which proved that Doctor Smyth's resort to natural science was far more

than a mere incident to his apologetic. "The Place of Death in Evolution" (1897), and especially the Lowell Lectures for 1902 entitled "Through Science to Faith," were products of actual first-hand laboratory work. They made the study of biology, in its most severely scientific form, the basis for the theological problem of life. Here was a theologian taking his task in earnest. The great questions of religion, as Carlyle defines them, the problems of duty and destiny, are now approached along the whole wide front of life as we know it, whether in lowest amœba or highest human mind. The new theology was to be based on something wider than a series of proof-texts from the Bible.

"Constructive Natural Theology" was the title appropriately chosen for the Nathaniel W. Taylor Lectures for 1913, a book which we must group with "The Place of Death in Evolution" and "Through Science to Faith" to form a trilogy whose outcome is seen in the Taylor Lectures. Smyth became for the time being a biologist, availing himself of the lectures and laboratory work of the university with all the ardor of a graduate student working for his Ph.D. He no more expected to become a biologist than he expected to become a historical critic, or philologian, when he took up Biblical theology. But biology was the study of life in its basic aspects, and to him there were no insurmountable barriers between the life which

sleeps in the world of matter, dreams in the animal kingdom, and awakes to full consciousness in man. To know God one must understand his self-manifestation in life. So Smyth's natural theology began at the bottom of the scale. Moreover, death was as much a part of nature as life. It was, in fact, its necessary complement and counterpart. Mythology might find an explanation of death in sentiment and imagination. Science must seek its meaning in the function it performs in a universe of reason, beauty, and law.

One can see to what kind of constructive natural theology such studies as these were leading up, and how much broader a foundation was here being laid for a philosophy of life than by the older New England theologians. But there were higher regions of life to be studied than those of natural theology. Smyth was a lover both of nature and of life, one who truly looked through nature up to nature's God. But he did not stop with natural theology, nor with mere animal life. Duty was as much a part of the problem of religion as destiny, and a rational mastery of the problem of duty can only be obtained by the study of man in his relations to his fellow man and to God. Hence the able volume in the series of International Handbooks of Theology entitled "Christian Ethics" (1892). Doctor Smyth had hesitated to accept the invitation to compose

this volume, but yielded to the persuasion of Professor Briggs, with a result which fully justifies the choice of the editors and lends greater distinction to the series. This volume too is a study of life, but life in the higher realm of personality. The horizon has widened, but the goal is still the same.

In the latest years of the life of Doctor Smyth we must still distinguish between thought and activity, remembering that for him the active part was ever that first to be chosen. Gifted as few men are with intellectual grasp, patient with the absorbing devotion of the scientist to whom the discovery of new truth brings an intoxicating joy, Doctor Smyth should be remembered first as one that loved his fellow man. His knowledge was valued for the service it could do. Hence the absorption of his time and interest during those later years which men of academic mind are wont to devote to publication of their riper thought, in endeavors to promote church unity. If it were our purpose merely to eulogize we might well pause at this point to speak of the patience and humility, the tireless devotion, the consummate wisdom and learning, which he consecrated to this often thankless task. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. But they seldom find their reward among men. This, however, is a field which, though it involves much knowledge of theology, belongs

rather to the art than to the science of religion. We must turn from it to Doctor Smyth's latest contributions to the science of theology.

Nearest akin to these efforts for church unity was the volume entitled "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism" (1908). Needless to remind members of this congregation that "Catholicism" in this title is not to be taken in the sense of Roman Catholicism, but of catholicity. It is the work of a great lover of peace, with vision too large to be satisfied with any mere negative, divisive designation. Smyth's Protestantism was as much a protest against the sectarian spirit as against tyranny and intolerance in the church. But the book was not so much a product of his own effort to broaden the basis of Christian theology as it was a note of welcome to a kindred movement in the Church of Rome. Loisy in France, Tyrrel and von Hügel in England, had applied Newman's great principle of the development of doctrine to the policy of the Church of Rome, demanding even a larger liberty of thought and teaching than the Lutheran Harnack would allow. The Catholic Modernists were modernists indeed. Some, such as Loisy, were driven by the bitter warfare of intolerant ecclesiastics, wielding the weapons of excommunication and suppression, into an attitude of extreme hostility foreign both to their nature and purpose. Others, like von Hügel, remained in the church,

the possible seed, as Smyth believed, of a truer catholicity than Christianity has known since the great disruption in Luther's time. In agreement with Doctor Smyth, my own sympathies would rest rather with the Catholic Modernist than with the Lutheran scholar who seeks to identify Christianity with the particular form it had assumed at a given time. Once more, we may say, the principle of unity is to be found in "the Life, even that which was from the beginning, the eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us." It is not to be found in the particular form that life may assume at a given date under particular conditions.

But we must return to a more direct development of the thinking of our biologist-theologian. No volume of the many he wrote so fully represents his ripest reflection as that which appeared toward the close of his career under the title "The Meaning of Personal Life" (1916). *Personal* life is of a type that cannot be studied under the microscope. It transcends even that which can be said to dream in the physical world, waken in the animal kingdom, and come to full consciousness in man. For we deal here with a sphere whose centre lies beyond ourselves. Personality is something which we share not with the lower world of nature but with God. When personality has come into right adjustment with that higher realm, then,

and then only, may we look for immortality. It is in his study of "The Meaning of Personal Life" that Doctor Smyth reveals most clearly the service he would render by his constructive thought to the distracted and groping mind of the generation to which he sought to minister. Here he seeks to impart "a unifying sense of life," and incidentally to "renew our faith in man's survival value." It is the fuller statement of his belief in God as the Lord and giver of Life, showing the basis of his earlier booklet, "Modern Belief in Immortality" (1910).

I have not attempted a life of Doctor Smyth. I have given only a glimpse—too superficial, I fear—into what appears to me his contribution to theology. To him who found sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and God in everything, theology was supremely the science of personal life. Both the science and the art were summed up in the person of that Master whom he loyally served, not with the mind only, but with all his soul and all his strength. Among the "later representatives of progressive religious thought in America" there may be others whose literary contribution will stand out more prominently in the judgment of posterity. There can scarcely be any better fitted to represent the transition between the old New England theology and the new, the reconstruction to which it was compelled to turn by the advance of criticism and the prog-

ress of natural science. Not evolution only must henceforth be the theologian's field, but the development of personal life under the all-directing power of love.

"A fire-mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian, and a cave where the cave-men dwell;
A sense of order and beauty, a face upturned from the sod;
Some call it evolution, and others call it—God.

A sentry frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on the rood;
And millions that humble and nameless the straight hard pathway trod;
Some call it consecration, and others call it —God."

AN APOSTLE OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

BY PETER AINSLIE

PRIOR to 1910 I knew Doctor Smyth as an author, a scholar, and a liberal theologian. He had spoken to the open-minded of the world, and had made a deep impression on both sides of the Atlantic in the interest of a more liberal and scientific theology. Multitudes of the thoughtful have been ever ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to him.

In 1910 came a remarkable awakening in the interest of Christian unity. A group of Episcopalians started the Christian Unity Foundation of New York in the summer, and in the fall, at their General Convention, they appointed a commission on a World Conference on Faith and Order. At the same time, in the national gatherings of the Congregationalists and Disciples, the former meeting in Boston and the latter in Topeka, movements were launched in the interest of Christian unity; likewise, at the same time, the Eastern Orthodox Church, in its Synod in Constantinople, appointed, for the first time in its history, a committee to deal with Christian unity. Ventures in unity were made that year in many foreign-mission fields, notably in China.

On this flood-tide, which made itself felt in most of the Christian communions of the world, there were brought together from different communions many who were thinking in the terms of a united Christendom. The Episcopal Commission on a World Conference on Faith and Order called a meeting in New York City. Forty or fifty persons from various communions were present. There appeared to be no special programme other than the general theme of Christian unity, and many of us volunteered to make brief speeches. I had never met Doctor Smyth before; but, when the morning session was over, we both had discovered that we had spoken from such common attitude of mind toward Christian unity, that we voluntarily made our way toward each other for personal acquaintance. From that day to the day of his passing there existed such a friendship between us that I esteemed it among my richest possessions.

After that we met frequently in Christian unity conferences, and many letters passed between us. In the winter of 1913–14 the Episcopal Commission on a World Conference on Faith and Order sent a non-Episcopal deputation to Great Britain in the interest of that cause. Doctor Smyth was the chairman of the deputation, and Doctor W. H. Roberts was the treasurer. On landing in London a group of newspaper reporters met us at the station. In

the course of the interview Doctor Smyth said, "We are here to face the problems of faith," and quickly the reporter added, "And fight them out." "No," said Doctor Smyth, "to find them out." It was not only a finely coined phrase, which he and the rest of us afterward had occasion to use frequently, but it revealed that our approaches to the problems of faith and order would be by conference rather than by controversy. It reflected the new attitude of mind that had entered into the problem of a united Christendom. The method of controversy was divisive, and always will be, while the method of conference is the Christian way of adjustment, lending new possibilities toward the practicability of unity.

The day after our arrival in London a banquet at the Hotel Metropole was tendered the deputation. More than a hundred of the most distinguished Nonconformists of England occupied seats at the tables. Sir Joseph Compton-Ricketts presided. Words of welcome were spoken by Doctor F. B. Meyer, Doctor J. H. Shakespeare, Principal P. T. Forsyth, and Doctor J. Scott Lidgett. Each speaker referred to Doctor Smyth's books, sometimes mentioning some special book, and his contribution to the thought of the world. It was a most happy choice that Doctor Smyth was the chairman of the deputation. His name was a winning factor in the educational circles of England and Scot-

land, where day after day worthy tributes were paid him for his clear, bold, and scholarly thinking.

Sir Robert Perks gave to the deputation a luncheon, where more than a hundred guests assembled, many of them being members of Parliament and other distinguished laymen, beside ministers. In this instance there were, likewise, most cordial expressions by the speakers of their appreciation of Doctor Smyth's thought in the liberalizing of theology.

But the finest contribution of this character came at the close of the deputation's work, which had been remarkably successful. It was on the occasion of meeting with the Archbishop's Committee in the Upper House of Convocation. After the bishop of Bath and Wells had delivered his address from the chair and responses had been made, the general work of the World Conference on Faith and Order was discussed most freely, diverging now and then into theological interpretations that bore indirectly upon the world conference, when Doctor Gore, then the bishop of Oxford, arose and, at some length, gave an expression of appreciation of Doctor Smyth's theological contribution. I cannot recall ever having heard such a beautiful tribute tendered by one man to another. It was fine in richness of thought and beauty of spirit. Doctor Smyth was deeply moved as he sat modestly with bowed head. It

was no ordinary occasion. At the close Doctor Temple, now the bishop of Manchester, turned to me with a remark of concurring appreciation. Men knew his worth and they did not hesitate to give expression to their thoughts. He had stood in the forefront. Whether as preacher at Center Church, or author of books, or as speaker in the councils of his own communion, he was never afraid.

His bravery was always heartening. I recall that among our engagements in London was an afternoon in the home of Sir Richard Stapley. Most of the guests, by their inquiries and remarks, gave a decidedly pessimistic outlook to the whole field of a united Christendom. Doctor Smyth met the conditions with remarkable patience and hopefulness in his answers and comments; but, toward the close of the afternoon, he seemed to grow weary. Then, as if to save the day, he launched forth an appeal for the unity of Christendom with more convincing power than I had ever heard him display before. His well-trained mind, with extraordinary skill, brought such answers to the objections that had been made, and set forth the necessity and possibility of unity so clearly, that, standing there as a warrior prophet, he made a profound impression and left a picture on my own mind, as he doubtless did on the minds of all who heard him, that cannot be forgotten.

As richly laden as were those years when he was pastor and producing books in theology that made new paths for those who were seeking to find their way out of theological entanglements, the crown of Doctor Smyth's work was his contribution to Christian unity. His persistence and daring were elements that were needed. He made ventures and sought to find followers; but, whether his followers were few or many, the enthusiasm for his ventures burned in his heart like a perpetual fire.

When one of his ventures, to which he had given much time and thought, had gone down in defeat both in his communion and the communion with which he was dealing, he said, without the slightest indication of disappointment: "They don't see it now; but they will see it. We must sweep out these archaic barriers and make a way where men can walk as brothers through all Christendom." In his dream he always associated himself with the victory. He saw it with the prophet's eye and rejoiced in what he saw. He still lives. Many of us will carry in our consciences his living voice. As he shared, without stint, in these pioneer days, he will share in our progress toward a united Christendom, and rejoice, in the distant years, when the prayer of Jesus that they all may be one shall have been fulfilled.

With the gentleness of a child, with the faith

of the devout, and with the courage of a prophet, Doctor Smyth has left us an extraordinary instance of fine character, which was clothed with the spirit of Christ, and through that character he ever sought to interpret that spirit.

NEWMAN SMYTH—MINISTER OF RECONCILIATION

BY JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, JR.

THE lives of most men who are identified conspicuously with their times reflect prevailing currents of thought and of achievement. Very few there are who set these forces into motion. We have come here to commemorate one of that small number, and to put on record one result, perhaps the chief result, of his rare spirit.

The story of the movement for church unity during the past half-century is contained in the history of Newman Smyth. The spectacle of the house of God divided against itself reproached the conscience and offended the mind of Christendom, in the person of this one man, with the poignancy and shame which have always characterized the champion of a neglected cause. For him the problem was one primarily of practical Christianity rather than of academic theory. He encountered it first in the field of service, not of theological research. As in the development of any new ccuntry the gulfs are bridged and the rough places smoothed by the resourceful hands of the pioneer before the genius of the scientist is invoked, so the vision

of a reunited church and the realization of it engaged Doctor Smyth's powers of human sympathy and Christian fellowship. While others were vying with one another in speculation on the subject, he exemplified the practice of Christian unity. His ministry in New Haven became known to all men as a ministry of reconciliation. Clergy of many communions in this neighborhood and throughout Connecticut turned so naturally to his leadership as to be drawn almost involuntarily into singleness of thought and purpose. I was one of those particularly privileged to have part in a group which found in him a bond of union and a source of inspiration. There was no conscious attempt at agreement. His presence and address simply clarified the ecclesiastical atmosphere about him, dispelling prejudice and restoring right perspectives.

Those were the days of experimental theories in the pursuit of church unity, when ecclesiastical conclaves were putting forth on one hand ultimatums as a basis on which Nonconformist bodies might be recognized, or on the other compromises under which differences of opinion could be hidden. It was refreshing then to follow him as he led us above and beyond the level of ecclesiastical banter and barter to heights of clear conviction and large comprehension. In such an altitude one's creed became the expression of personal communion

with God, so vivid, so vital, as to bring all who shared it into harmony of thought and feeling.

Doctor Smyth once said that there is no surer mark of prophetic truth than that it rises of itself and is found shining in all men's eyes. He may not have added, yet he proved in his own experience, that when an idea springs thus spontaneously to life it takes possession of the heart and finds utterance in the lips of some one man who becomes its mouthpiece. So, when the ideal of a reunited church grew away from the pious aspiration of a few to become a universal quest, it found a leader in this community and this pulpit.

The publication of "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism" was a signal for a new era in the approach to unity. With the author it was not new. It resulted naturally from the experience of active ministry. It sprang from the conviction that Christianity, to prove itself the universal and final religion, must have complete mastery of human life. Such mastery cannot be acquired by a divided church. The sectarian, whether Protestant or Catholic, has but a partial gospel to declare. The only hope for union is to be found in the wholeness of the body bearing witness to the wholeness of truth.

Such briefly is the thesis which Newman Smyth nailed to the door of the modern church. In it we may find the challenge to an old order

and the promise of spiritual rebirth. The effect on the church was electric and the response immediate. In the same year that the volume appeared the Pan-Anglican Congress and Lambeth Conference in London, to which particularly the challenge was addressed, took the first steps issuing finally in the "Lambeth Proposals" and the appeal to all Christian people. Soon there followed the organization of the Anglican and Nonconformist committee, and a statement from this source of agreement on matters of faith. In 1910 and 1911, at the instigation of the Episcopal Church in General Convention, the first commissions were appointed to consider a world conference on questions touching faith and order, with a view to ultimate reunion. Seventy-eight communions, representing forty nations, are now engaged in preparation for it. These and other movements with a like aim issued from a deep but often mute desire for reconciliation—but the reconciling principles had found articulate expression in one man's message. Search as you may the approaches to unity contained in "Lambeth Proposals," "American Concordats," or "Conferences on Faith and Order," you will find in them all the traces of statements contained in the prophetic book and the later treatises on reunion by Doctor Smyth. You may hear in every utterance on the subject echoes of his words—who can forget them?—as he pleaded for a creed so clear

and comprehensive as to voice a universal faith, for a ministry so apostolic as to bear witness to that faith, and for sacraments so loyally administered as to include all who would commune with Christ in sincerity and truth.

Often he put us to shame by the resistless power of his conviction. Sometimes, especially in recent years, when the term of his active leadership drew to a close, he swept aside with splendid impatience the defenses with which we tried to fortify an overcautious faith.

So clearly did he see the goal, that obstacles, whether polities, liturgies, canons, or confessions, had the same effect upon him as the Swiss mountains on Napoleon, when he declared: "There shall be no Alps." Such courage and determination were destined to encounter disappointment. Inevitably, inexorably, the Alps raised their barriers across the path. Christians are not yet disposed nor trained to lay aside the weight of prejudice which so easily besets them, nor to rise above restrictions which have been so carefully imposed, so persistently cherished. In the defiles and morasses of controversy the armies of reconciliation have been sore let and hindered. Often the prospect of the promised land has grown obscure; often the voices of contending hosts have grown confused. The crusade for the recovery of Christian fellowship seems, at times, to have reached the darkest hour before the dawn. Yet through the night

of disappointment and uncertainty the undimmed eye of one man has seen the destined goal, one man's undaunted hope has kindled fires of courage in all hearts, one unfailing voice has borne witness to our Lord's purpose that all may be one.

For us who knew and heard and honored him, and for succeeding generations, Newman Smyth will be remembered as the prophet of a united Christendom.

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